

Américas

ECUADOR BUILDS ITS WAY BACK

from earthquake havoc

Cuba's glamorous

ALICIA ALONSO, PRIMA BALLERINA

GOURDFUL OF CHEER

The River Plate drink
with a punch

ANIMALS' ISLAND

Scientist's paradise
in Panama

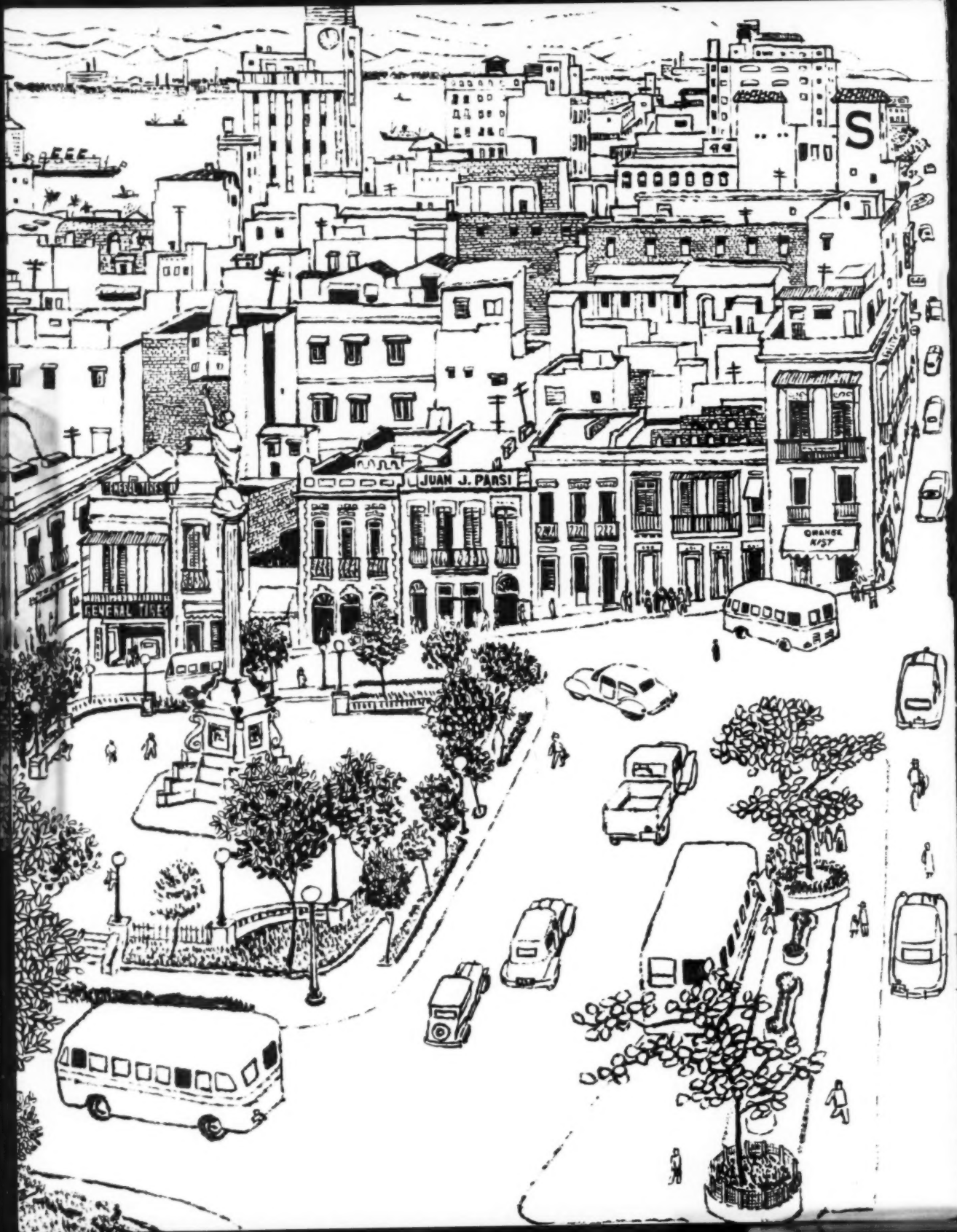
ON THE SHORES OF TITICACA

A visit to the
lake in the sky

25
cents

*Dancer Alicia Alonso
(see page 6)*





Américas

Volume 4, Number 7

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Dear Reader

To keep up with contemporary thinking in the New World you would have to subscribe to at least thirty basic magazines published in the four languages of the American countries. Such a costly effort would not always be effective because of the difficulties and restrictions that beset the exchange of publications, including, for many people, the problem of acquiring hard currency for international payments. Even so, the inquisitive reader would miss the very important essays and articles that appear in supplements to the big newspapers or in magazines that do not survive long or are published in limited editions.

Making use of the extensive resources and contacts of its excellent library, the Pan American Union can make a selection of such articles and publish them in full, without assuming any responsibility for their content. In this way it will be fulfilling one of the aims of the OAS: to establish wider contact between our peoples and, in this case, among the intellectual leaders of the Hemisphere. This is the purpose of the new PAU publication *Panorama*, whose first issue is now out. Prepared by the Department of Cultural Affairs, the journal will be a quarterly.

The idea for this review came from Dr. Alceu Amoroso Lima, Director of the Department of Cultural Affairs, better known throughout the Hemisphere by his pseudonym Tristão de Athayde. The department's aim is to make known American thought whose expression has been scattered through specialized publications and difficult for the public to find.

The articles for republication in *Panorama* are selected by a group of PAU officials, headed by Dr. Amoroso Lima, that includes notable representatives of the Hemisphere's philosophy, letters, and sciences, who are presently directing important programs of intellectual cooperation. The articles are being published in their original language, whether Spanish, French, English, or Portuguese, and the subjects offer wide variety. Essays on philosophy, literature, social and political sciences, art, and so on are considered most appropriate. *Panorama* does not propose to publish original work, but, with the permission of authors and publishers, to reproduce items that have already appeared in print. It will not restrict itself to any given period, so it can include articles that were originally published several years ago.

Like all the publications of the Pan American Union, *Panorama* may be obtained by direct subscription or through the authorized agents in each country. In addition, it will be distributed to schools, universities, and specialized centers, so that, without depending exclusively on public demand, it will fulfill its purpose of creating a new means of cultural exchange in a field where few such instruments—and none of inter-American scope—are in service.


Secretary General

CONTRIBUTORS



In this month's lead article, ANATOLE A. SOLOW, head of the PAU housing and planning division, shows us how "Ecuador Builds Its Way Back" from the devastation left by the 1949 earthquake. Born in Davos, Switzerland, Mr. Solow has been in the United States since 1939, is now a U.S. citizen. At first a research assistant at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology's School of Architecture, he has at one time or another worked at his trade

with the American Public Health Association, the U.S. Army in Panama, and the National Housing Agency. In addition to mapping out building programs for El Salvador, Guatemala, Costa Rica, and Israel, Mr. Solow has directed the PAU housing round tables at the three regional seminars on social affairs held in Quito, San Salvador, and Porto Alegre (Brazil), and has recently been busy helping with the new Inter-American Housing Center in Bogotá.



EMILIO VÁSQUEZ, who was born "On the Shores of Titicaca," writes about them with all the feeling of a native son. In the town of Puno, his birthplace, he received his early education before going on to Lima and the University of San Marcos, from which he graduated with a doctorate in letters and education. Since then he has published many books of poems and essays related to his Peruvian birthplace. Today he is preparing a "biography" of Titicaca, which has been described as "an enterprising work awaited expectantly both at home and abroad."

Since February 1941, when she launched her writing career with an article in *The National Geographic*, the by-line of CORINNE FEENEY, author of "Animals' Island," has become familiar to newspaper and magazine readers in Panama, her adopted country. A Texan by birth, she has published stories and articles in Panama City dailies, and conducted a column in *The Nation* on tropical fruits and vegetables. To the monthly *El Panamá* she regularly contributes pieces about the country's flora and fauna. Last April, the National League of American Pen Women awarded Mrs. Feeney two prizes for editorial and feature writ-

ing. Currently, she is working on a novel of the romantic days when the Panama Canal was under construction.



With just the proper blend, Brazilian LUIZ CARLOS LESSA brews AMERICAS readers a "Gourful of Cheer." An expert on *gaúcho* life, he won the São Paulo Fourth National Folklore Monographs Contest in 1949 with his *Chimarrão*, on the drink the rest of the world knows as *mate*. Born in Piratini, Rio Grande do Sul State, only twenty-two years ago, Mr. Lessa has led an adventurous life bronco-busting, studying law and journalism, and interpreting cowboy music and dancing. His work has taken him not only over Brazil's *gaúcho* country, but also to estancias in Uruguay, Argentina, and Paraguay. He is at present editor of Porto Alegre's *Diário de Notícias*.



HUGO LINDO, who looks at the short story in "Salvadorean Tales," is one of his country's outstanding young men of letters. Born in La Unión thirty-four years ago, he was educated at the University of El Salvador and the Catholic University of Chile. A lawyer, he has successfully combined legal and literary matters since 1945. In addition to publishing six books of poetry and prose, Mr. Lindo has traveled widely in all parts of the Hemisphere and to Korea in 1948 with the UN Temporary Commission. He went also to Rio de Janeiro in 1950 as El Salvador's alternate delegate to the First Inter-American Council of Jurists. At one time a newspaper editor and professor of law and the humanities, he is now an alderman in San Salvador.

In our book section this month, Honduran Ambassador RAFAEL HELIODORO VALLE discusses three volumes involving his country's folklore: *El Brujo de Talgua*, by Arturo Oqueli, *Patrios Lares*, by Pompilio Ortega, and *Barro*, by Paca Navas Miralda. One of our Brazilian editors, BENEDICTA QUIRINO DOS SANTOS, gives her reaction to two accounts of adventure in her homeland by North Americans, Joan Lowell's *Promised Land* and the new edition of Lt. William Herndon's *Exploration of the Valley of the Amazon*.

The Organization of American States is made up of 21 American nations—Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, the Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, the United States, Uruguay, and Venezuela. Dr. Alberto Lleras Camargo of Colombia is Secretary General; Dr. William Manger of the United States is Assistant Secretary General.

The work of the Organization of American States is carried out by the Inter-American Conference, which meets every five years in a different American capital; the Meetings of Consultation of Ministers of Foreign Affairs, which can be called by any State to study problems of a political nature, or when the peace and security of the continent are affected by a situation to which the Rio Treaty of Reciprocal Assistance is applicable; and the Specialized Conferences on technical aspects of cooperation. The permanent body representing the governments of the hemisphere is the Council of the Organization of American States, which meets in Washington at the Pan American Union building. This Council, composed of a representative from each of the 21 American States, has three technical organs—the Inter-American Economic and Social Council, the Inter-American Council of Jurists, and the Inter-American Cultural Council.

The Pan American Union not only acts as General Secretariat of the Organization, but also carries out many projects of international cooperation in the juridical, economic, social, and cultural fields within the spheres of the respective Councils. The General Secretariat helps in preparations for the Inter-American Conferences, acts as custodian of their documents and archives, serves as depository of instruments of ratification of inter-American agreements, and reports to the Council on the activities of the Organization. Besides AMERICAS, a monthly magazine on inter-American affairs, the Pan American Union also publishes the *Annals of the Organization of American States*, an official quarterly which records the documents of the Inter-American Conferences, the Meetings of Consultation, Council, and the other agencies of the organization; and the quarterly *Panorama*, which republishes in full, in their original languages, outstanding articles from newspapers and magazines all over the Hemisphere.

Ecuador builds



Afterward. Only rubble remained to show where town had stood

its way back

Anatole A. Solow

THERE WAS NO WARNING in Pelileo the afternoon of August 5, 1949. Except for scattered groups of bright-ponchoed Indians, who had brought their corn, barley, and potatoes in to market, the sun-baked cobblestone streets seemed deserted, for it was lunch time, and most people were at home. A thriving agricultural center, the town lay in a well-watered hanging valley. Above it towered the snowy peak of Tungurahua Volcano; hundreds of feet below, the swift Pastaza River rushed toward the Amazon.

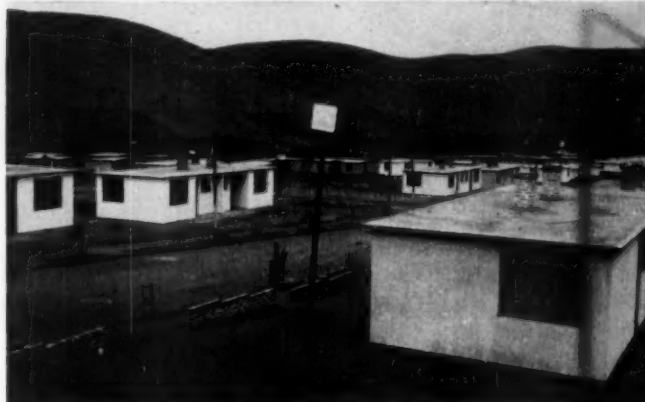
Suddenly, the earth began to rock. Within minutes, Pelileo was completely leveled, and the lives of two thousand of its citizens—some say a third of the population—were snuffed out. Only the dilapidated walls of one house remained standing amid the shambles. Ten to twelve square blocks slipped into the main valley, changing the river's course. In Ambato—capital of Tungurahua Province—Pillaro, Baños, and some forty neighboring towns and villages the destruction was repeated, except that with fifty to ninety per cent devastation and more survivors, they were not hit quite so hard.

Emergency measures were swift and spectacular. With nearly the speed of the catastrophe itself, the call for aid to Ecuador echoed up and down the continent, and horror-stricken people from Buenos Aires to San Francisco dug into their pockets and contributed food, cloth-



Prosperous agricultural center of Pelileo before 1949 earthquake

New quake-resistant Pelileo is in safer location a few miles away



ing, and cash. The Red Cross moved in. Within thirty-six hours, the Pan American Sanitary Bureau had arranged for shipments of chlorine, DDT, sulfa drugs, and penicillin. Governments gave plane-loads of supplies and money; in one Latin American country a group of businessmen sent signed blank checks to Ecuadorean President Galo Plaza so that he could fill in the amount.

The Organization of American States quickly channeled help into two categories—relief and reconstruction—and its secretariat, the Pan American Union, became the clearing house for all aid-to-Ecuador activities in the United States. On August 19, the OAS Council voted to put at Ecuador's disposal two hundred thousand dollars from the Pan American Union's reserve fund to pay for technical studies of reconstruction projects.

After PAU officials had conferred with representatives of a number of U.S. relief agencies, an Ecuador Relief Fund was set up to supplement local efforts, with the Pan American Union as the collection center. A group of prominent U.S. citizens were asked to serve as a sponsoring committee, and the money was earmarked for the dollar cost of equipment and supplies of such community institutions as hospitals, schools, churches, and libraries.

To publicize the campaign, the Pan American Union arranged for broadcasts by Ecuadorean Government offi-



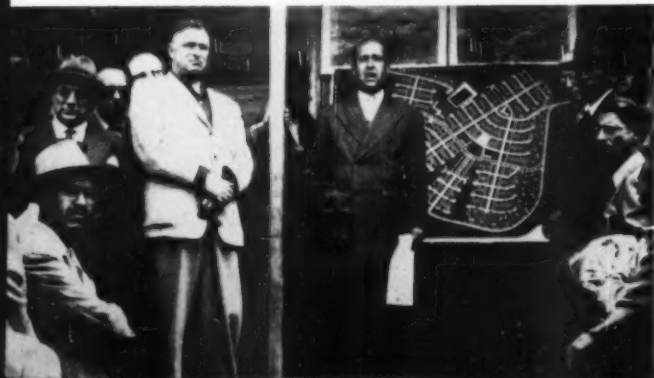
Ornate columns piled high on main square mark site of church, leveled like the rest of Pelileo



One hundred thousand homeless camped out in streets and parks of devastated towns



Next step: temporary shelter in colonies of tents and straw-matting shacks, as Reconstruction Board got to work



cials and appealed to columnists, cartoonists, radio commentators, and newspaper editors. It asked the mayors of the largest U.S. cities to proclaim the week of September 19-24 as "Ecuador Relief Week." It sent a direct appeal to U.S. business firms that sell their products in Latin America.

Meanwhile, earthquake survivors found temporary shelter in makeshift huts thrown together from straw mats and in tents labeled with the freshly-painted words "Tungurahua Reconstruction Board" next to the faded Star of David and a faint "USA." The tents were old U.S. army equipment, sold to Israel by the War Assets Administration, later donated by that country's new settlers to the Ecuadoreans. By this time food and clothing had been distributed, the water purified, and everyone had been vaccinated. The *Servicio Cooperativo*, a joint venture of the U.S. Government's Institute of Inter-American Affairs and the Ecuadorean Government, took over health and sanitation measures. Then the long task of reconstruction began.

Earthquakes were not new to this farming population of central Ecuador. Pitched a mile and a half high, the vulnerable valley lay along an active geological fault, which had meant rebuilding every two or three generations. In pre-Hispanic times, when mud, sticks, and straw were the construction materials, this was relatively simple. But the Spaniards introduced a new style of architecture, which they had learned during three hundred years of occupation by the North African Moors. Their contribution was a two-story building, with a hand-cut stone front, and rear and side walls made of pounded earth slabs called *tapia*. Atop this rectangle they hoisted heavy timbers, and covered them with loose tiles. It was this poorly adapted construction that turned the quake of August 9, which was of only medium intensity, into a major disaster, for with the lateral thrust of the earth, either the roofs came crashing down on the occupants or the tiles slid into the street, burying passers-by.

To raise reconstruction funds, the Ecuadorean legislature pushed through special taxes on liquor, cigarettes, amusements, and so on, and Reconstruction Boards were set up in the three provinces affected by the quake—Tungurahua, Chimborazo, and Cotopaxi. For the most part, the boards in Chimborazo and Cotopaxi, where the damage was comparatively light, limited their activities to reimbursing homeowners in cash for needed repair work. But the nine-member Tungurahua Board—with representatives of the national and provincial governments, labor, industry, agriculture, and the province's four cantons—saw that they would have to start from scratch. Resisting the pressure for cash hand-outs, they decided on the long, hard pull: building safe new towns so there wouldn't be a next time for what they had been through.

To replan their cities, they turned to a group of U.S.- and European-trained Ecuadorean engineers and architects, the oldest of whom was thirty-four. Wilson Garcés Pachano, who had recently returned from graduate work in city planning at the Illinois Institute of

Francisco Sevilla, Reconstruction Board vice chairman, explains plans to Pelileo townspeople. On his right, Ecuadorean President Plaza

Technology in Chicago, had a special interest in the work, for Ambato is his home town. Sixto Durán-Ballén had graduated in architecture two years earlier from Columbia University, and Leopoldo Moreno Lloor, in charge of the master plan office of Quito, was an engineer just back from advanced planning studies in London. They drew up master plans for the forty-two affected towns and villages, ranging in population from Ambato's thirty-five thousand down to hamlets of half a dozen families. At the request of the Ecuadorean Government, the Organization of American States borrowed a U.S. geologist from the Interior Department, Edward Lewis, and sent him to Ecuador to help select the new town sites. The OAS also hired a San Francisco structural engineer, H. J. Brunier, with considerable West Coast experience in earthquake-resistant construction. A plan to move Pelileo a considerable distance was vigorously opposed by local people, who were rooted to their home soil, so Mr. Lewis recommended a safer spot only a couple of miles from the original site, with better topography, subsoil conditions, and water table. Together with local engineers, Mr. Brunier drafted a model building code, which was adopted by national decree for all Ecuadorean earthquake regions.

Long-range planning takes time. Months passed, and the man in the street grew restive. Where was the new home he had been promised? What had happened to all the money that had been collected? Why all this talk of plans with nothing to show for them? He had been out of a job for so long that he no longer cared. It seemed that the world had abandoned him—as if the earthquake were his doing.

The Ecuadorean Government sent an SOS to the Organization of American States, asking it to dip into the two-hundred-thousand-dollar fund to supply a team of technicians to stimulate construction and help rehabilitate the bewildered and homeless people. By April 1951, the three-man mission, assembled by the PAU Housing and Planning Division, had arrived in Ecuador.

The mission's housing administrator was Warren Cornwell, on loan from the U.S. Housing and Home Finance Agency's Division of Slum Clearance and Urban Redevelopment. With a dozen years' experience in public housing administration in California, Mr. Cornwell had also been UNRRA director of the U.S. Zone in Austria and was working on housing development in Puerto Rico at the time he was called to Ecuador. To put into effect plans already drawn, the PAU recruited Rafael C. Pollock, a graduate in agricultural engineering from the University of Vienna, with a background in planning administration in New York, Chicago, and Palestine. Gabriel Ospina Restrepo, a social anthropologist from Bogotá, Colombia, who had been working for UNESCO in Viani (see "Model Town," August 1949 AMERICAS), was assigned the complex job of morale-building. This combination was later temporarily augmented by Colonel Manuel Font of Puerto Rico, an M.I.T. graduate and one-time chairman of the San Juan Housing Authority.

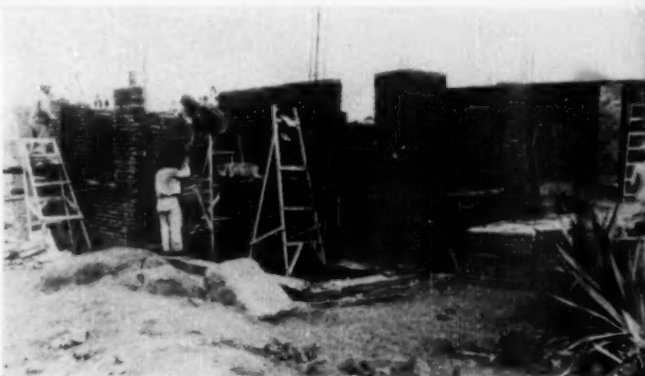
The newcomers found a people that seemed beaten.

(Continued on page 30)

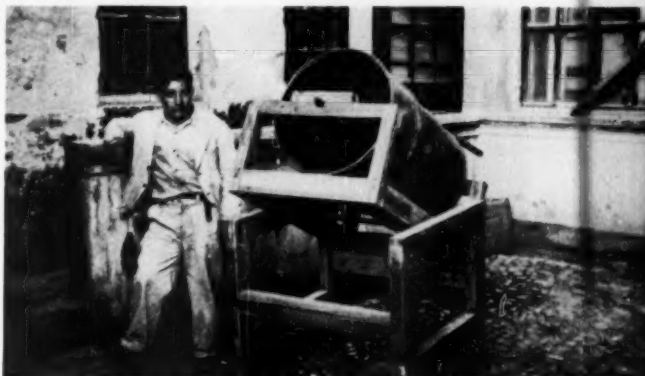
Two houses a day—plus schools, churches, government buildings



Rebuilding projects gave employment to local workers left penniless and jobless



Houses designed to absorb shocks of future earthquakes come in four low-cost models



Concrete-mixer made from old oil drum solved scarcity problem, stretched limited funds





Alicia Alonso

Wallace B. Alig

A SMALL (five feet three, 112 pounds), supremely graceful Cuban girl, born Alicia Ernestina de la Caridad del Cobre Martínez Hoyo and known professionally as Alicia Alonso, is the first Latin American to achieve recognition in the ballet world as a dancer of classic prominence. In fact, and without reserve, critics and contemporaries have ranked her with Alicia Markova of the Ballet Russe

and Margot Fonteyn of Britain's Sadler's Wells. As prima ballerina of the U.S. Ballet Theater, an organization devoted to the superhuman task of making this form of the dance as popular as, say, the movies, she meets well the responsibilities of her position. In contrast to her better-known, more lordly, but apparently no more accomplished, competitors, she has the additional

and important distinction of being the only one who has mastered the three roles required by the old Imperial Russian ballet—*Giselle*, for character; *Sleeping Beauty*, for classical technique; and *La Fille Mal Gardée* (the oldest ballet in existence), for comedy.

Alicia Alonso is undeniably Cuba's most famous woman, an achievement that has taken her something less than thirty years. She was born in Havana, the youngest of four children of Antonio and Ernestina Martínez. They lived in a big house in the fashionable Vedado section that was always full of friends, young and old, chatting, singing, and dancing, some acting out parlor games with an alarmingly serious pretense. Alarming, anyway, to Alicia's father, a conventional army lieutenant who enjoyed the general gaiety but frowned on any frivolity that upset his strict sense of propriety. The result was that Mrs. Martínez, an uninhibited, sociable woman with stage ambitions for her daughter, was obliged to conspire amiably, but somewhat obliquely, against him. As it turned out, Alicia danced professionally for over a year before her mother gently broke the news to her father.

Probably he wasn't too surprised, for he had been aware of her talents ever since she was a small child. "Mama used to put me in a room with a victrola and a scarf," Alicia recalls. "That would keep me quiet for hours, doing what I imagined was dancing. I never saw any dancing until I was eight, when I went with my father to Spain." The Spanish trip seems to have contributed more than anything else to shaping her future. "I wouldn't have seen any dancing if my grandfather hadn't wanted my sister and me to learn the Spanish dances and bring them back to show him. He had run away from Spain when he was a young man, and he was lonely for Spanish things. We learned the flamenco and how to use the castanets."

by the Cuban custom of early marriage and the experience of having danced together in classes at the *Sociedad Pro Arte Musical* School of Ballet in Havana under Nicolai Yavorsky.

In the United States, Fernando embarked upon a business career, but soon abandoned it in favor of ballet. They had a child. Then both decided to take up dancing seriously, and attended the School of the American Ballet and the Vilzak-Shellar School in New York City. After appearing in two musical comedies—*Great Lady* and *Stars In Your Eyes*—with which they were outspokenly bored ("It gets monotonous doing the same thing every night"), they were finally asked to join the chorus of the Ballet Theater when it opened in 1939.



Music is one of the usual forms of relaxation for the Cuban ballerina when she's at home. Favorite composer: Beethoven

When Mrs. Martínez read their first notices, revealing that they were now dancing for money, she burst into tears—not because the reviews were bad, but because they were so good. When she hesitantly showed them to the long-suffering lieutenant, he shrugged, smiled broadly, and displayed them proudly to his fellow officers.

Rigorous physical and mental discipline has played a large part in Alicia's success. Despite the illusion of ethereal ease, ballet dancing makes grueling demands on its interpreters. In sports, for example, a champion sprinter is in action about ten seconds during the hundred-yard dash; a mile runner is at his trade for something less than five minutes. On the other hand, a ballerina will be engaged in equally strenuous action for half an hour. In broad jumping a contestant makes no more than half a dozen jumps, whereas in a single *pas de deux* lasting ten to fifteen minutes on stage ballet dancers are required to make leaps—some of them

PRIMA BALLERINA

Another conspirator in what Martínez père later recognized philosophically as the plot against him was a handsome, likeable football player named Fernando Alonso, who married Alicia when she was fifteen (with just grammar school and two years of high school behind her) and took her off to New York. The year was 1937. It had been a boy-next-door kind of romance, sparked

can do sixteen feet and over—more than fifteen times. Similarly, the choreography for a single production may call for as many as twenty *entrechats*, or leaps into the air, each one as exacting as a single high jump.

All this physical activity has produced a mature artist. Although not immediately striking, Alonso has a dark, subtle beauty, an almost gypsy grace, hence her nickname "Unga," short for "the Hungarian." Slender, well proportioned, she is nervous and high-strung, but not so temperamental as some ballerinas. Steeped in the lore of the ballet, she talks of fairy tales and legend like an awed little girl, treasures her slippers, tights, and tutus like a child, recalls herself as Cinderella the first time she danced, and is superstitious to the point of leaving articles of apparel behind in dressing rooms "to make sure one day I'll return." Her pride and joy is her daughter Laura, a teen-ager who is taller than she is. But Alicia's most outstanding preoccupation and feature are her eyes, brown as chestnuts and just as big.

The story of Alonso's eyes is one of the most touching and courageous in the history of the dance. For some time after joining the Ballet Theater, up to her early days as a soloist, she noticed that she often unaccountably bumped into things, and wasn't sure her partner would be there to meet her in some of the intricate steps requiring split-second timing. She complained to her husband about it, and they decided to play a game that would train them both to improve their precision. It involved seeing how far they could see to the side when looking straight ahead. Before long, Alicia discovered that, instead of seeing in a semicircle as normal people do, she saw in a triangle. A doctor examined her and discovered she had detachment of the retina. "This was tragic to me," she says, "because a

Daughter Laura, a teen-ager, is already taller than mother. At school in Havana, she prefers painting to dancing



In New York apartment, ballerina Alonso sits down with author Alig to tell him about her amazing struggle with blindness

ballerina learns with her eyes, watching other people dance." Then began surgery and tests to determine the cause of her condition. The first two operations were performed in New York by the noted Spanish surgeon Dr. Ramón Castroviejo. The trouble was traced to her tonsils, and these were removed. Then followed the third and most crucial operation, this time in Havana under the scalpel of the Cuban specialist Dr. Gustavo Alamilla. But this was only the beginning. Dr. Alamilla told her that she had only one chance to get well: she must lie completely still, eyes bandaged, without laughing, crying, or moving for a year. At the end of that time, she would be able to see well enough to perform simple duties around the house, but she was offered no encouragement that she would ever dance again.

She lay alone in a room in her family's Vedado home. "It was torture for me being still," she remembers, "feeling my muscles lose their power, feeling myself gain weight and become flabby." She was not supposed to see Laura for fear the child would disturb her, but sometimes she allowed her to sneak in anyway, and they played together. Other times Mrs. Martínez read to her, but mostly she was alone with her thoughts: "I realized then that dancing was the most important part of my life. I had lived for it always. I would make it great."

Thereupon, confined to bed, Alicia saw the ballet for the first time as the audience sees it. "I saw all the steps I had done," she recalls, "and how often I had done them wrong. I danced in my mind, and Fernando showed me my mistakes." When he came to see her in the evening, she would show him with her fingers the dance she was practicing, and he would correct any misinterpretations. "Blinded, motionless, lying flat on my back, I taught myself to dance *Giselle*," she says. The magnitude of this feat is reflected in what the critics write of her performance of that role today. According to *The New York Herald Tribune's* Walter Terry, her *Giselle* "ranks with the great [contemporary] dance

(Continued on page 42)

gourdful of cheer

**Favorite drink of River Plate
countries is symbol of hospitality
and friendship**

Luiz Carlos Lessa

WITH A TURBULENT, centuries-long history behind it, the beverage known to Brazilians as *chimarrão* and to the Spanish-speaking countries and the United States as *mate*, is consumed daily by millions of South Americans. As much a part of their life as Coca-Cola is of the *gringo's*, the herb tea is popular both as a stimulant and as a tonic, and sipping it has become almost a ritual, conveying the traditions of the pampa from generation to generation.

The story of the white man's discovery of this brew goes back four hundred years—to 1554, when General Domingo Martínez de Irala, the Governor of Paraguay, expanded his conquest eastward to the Guairá region, now the Brazilian state of Paraná. There he and his men were cordially received by three hundred thousand Guaraní Indians, who extended them a welcome unheard of among the hinterland tribes. But it wasn't only the Indians' hospitality that impressed the Spaniards. Certain Guaraní habits aroused their curiosity, especially the widespread use of a beverage called *caá-i*, which the Indians drank through a bamboo straw.

Asked about the origin of the drink, the natives explained that *caá-i* had first been brought to the attention of their medicine men by Tupá, the god of good. The medicine men drank the sacred potion for inspiration from their god and for protection. Later, the Guairá warriors, at war with another tribe, drank it to enlist Tupá's help, and were so revitalized that they overcame the enemy. From that time on, *caá-i* was a daily Guaraní drink, considered a precious gift of their god. The Indians explained that it was easy to obtain—all they





Pruning a yerba mate tree on a plantation. The cultivated variety grows twelve to thirty feet high, has twenty-year life span

had to do was pick, roast, and crush the leaves of a tree found all over the Guaira jungles. Satisfied as to the origin of the drink, the conquerors tried it. Despite its slightly bitter taste, the *caá-i* was a success, and when Irala's soldiers returned to Asunción, they took back the first load of the sacred Indian herb.

In the capital the use of what we now know as mate (pronounced *mah-tay* and derived from the Quechua word for calabash) spread quickly among the lower classes of the white population, and companies were formed to exploit it. Mate trading became one of the most profitable businesses in the colony, even though round-trip expeditions from Asunción to the Guaira and Maracajú mate regions—a hundred leagues through the swamplands—took at least a year.

No sooner had the Spaniards warmed to the beverage than the Franciscan Fathers came out against mate in defense of sacred principles of the church. At the time, the Inquisition was at its height. The priests, understandably anxious to prevent Christians from drinking something attributed to a false god, threatened mate quaffers with excommunication, one of their most effective weapons. But they failed to reckon with the power of the brew. There were so many excommunications that the punishment was finally suspended lest the church lose most of its members in the River Plate colonies.

Mate drinking continued to spread. Next a Dominican friar labeled the tea "the Devil's herb," claiming that it was an aphrodisiac leading men to break God's laws of chastity. But the effect of the Dominican campaign was exactly the opposite of what had been intended. Many who had been uninterested until they heard this about the extraordinary leaves decided to test the

brew's rejuvenating properties.

Meanwhile, sale of the herb brought gratifying returns to Asunción businessmen. One expedition after another set out for far-away regions where the plant grew wild. Often the whole group succumbed to tropical diseases, but what matter? There were plenty of Indians to insure their underwriters against loss.

So new restrictions on mate drinking arose, this time to curb the abuses that put the Indians at the mercy of commercial cupidity. The Indians found a devoted friend in Hernando Arias de Saavedra (known as *Hernandarias*), who was named Governor of the River Plate colonies. One day in 1592, returning to Buenos Aires from an extensive trip to the other end of his domains, where he had personally encountered the unfortunate exploitation of mate-collecting Indians, *Hernandarias* discovered in the hold of the boat a bag of the herb brought from Maracajú by his Indian oarsmen. In an incident that became famous in the history of colonial Buenos

Putting dried mate leaves in sacks for shipment to the refining mills



*The leaves are dried by indirect heat in *barbacuá* for ten to fifteen hours*

Aires, *Hernandarias* took the bag of mate to the main square as soon as he disembarked and solemnly burned it in the presence of a baffled population. "My great love for this land," he explained, "and my deep affection for the unfortunate natives lead me to perform this radical act. For I am certain this herb will bring misfortune to my own people and ruin to the brave Guaranís." He ended his speech by urging all Spaniards to give up mate. Thereafter, *Hernandarias* doubled his efforts on behalf of the Guaraní mate-gatherers, and their condition improved considerably. With his death, however, the Indians lost their most enthusiastic champion and again became the victims of unscrupulous exploiters.

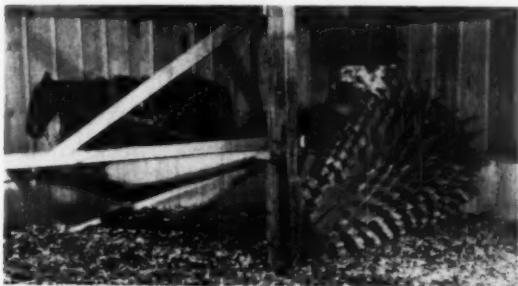
Up to then, *caá-i* had flourished only among the lower classes and was scorned by the colonial aristocracy. But suddenly a lieutenant-general and the governor of the Paraguayan diocese in Asunción took it up. "And everybody followed in their footsteps," comments Lozano in his *Conquista del Río de la Plata*. "Within a few years

the herb was so widely used and abused that in Asunción alone consumption reached fourteen or fifteen thousand *arrobas* [weight measure of about thirty-two pounds]."

Meanwhile, mate was taking hold in Brazil. When the *bandeirantes* invaded the Jesuit missions of Guaíra (which resulted in the destruction of those reductions and the enslavement of most of the Indian population), they were just as curious about the novel drink as Irala's soldiers had been a century earlier. And when they returned to São Paulo, they brought the Guarani beverage home with them.

The abundance of the plant in Paraná, Santa Catarina, and Rio Grande do Sul helped make mate popular throughout Brazil. News of the herb's tonic properties eventually reached Portugal, and in 1720 the governor of the captaincy-general of São Paulo received the following missive from the king:

"I, Dom João, by the grace of God King of Portugal and the colonies on both sides of the ocean, master of Guinea in Africa, . . . wish to inform you, Rodrigo Cesar de Menezes, Governor and Captain-General of the Captaincy of São Paulo, that the existence of an herb



Modern machinery is gradually replacing this primitive method of grinding mate

called 'congonha' and, in Spanish, 'la provechosa' within the territory of your Captaincy has become known in these parts; and that because good use can be made of it, I hereby order you to dispatch to this Kingdom, in care of my Overseas Council, a box of said herb with directions for its use. . . ."

With this message of official acceptance, the last obstacle in mate's path was removed. In any case, ultimate victory seemed inevitable in view of certain environmental circumstances, especially in the River Plate region. There, with a few *caá* leaves added, the briny, smelly river water acquired a pleasant taste; the heavy diet of the pampa dwellers (their large herds made them big meat eaters) needed mate as a corrective; and the sun-scorched pioneering expeditions, under constant attack by germs and insects, required its invigorating properties to prevent the soldiers from succumbing to discouragement and fatigue.

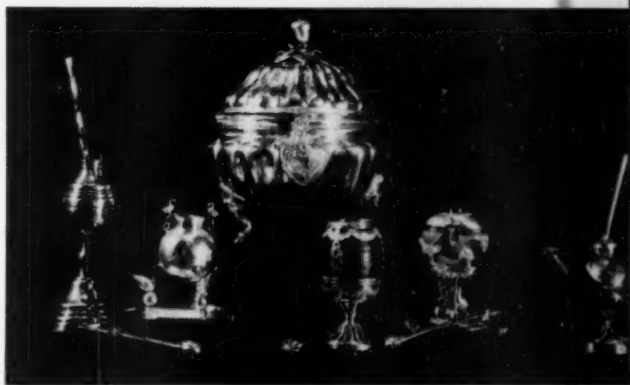
In those difficult days of New World colonization, mate played a significant medicinal role. With its bark the Indians made effective plasters for the treatment of dislocations and bruises. Until the middle of the eighteenth century, the herb was the only known medicine

for diarrhea in the River Plate region. For sunstroke or an upset stomach, the best cure was a few sips of cold mate, followed by an application of the wet leaves to the patient's brow and the top of his head. The leaves were also chewed to strengthen the teeth and to alleviate toothache. These are only a few of the more interesting applications of the herb described by Father Pedro Montenegro, a Jesuit doctor who introduced it to the scientific world in the eighteenth century.

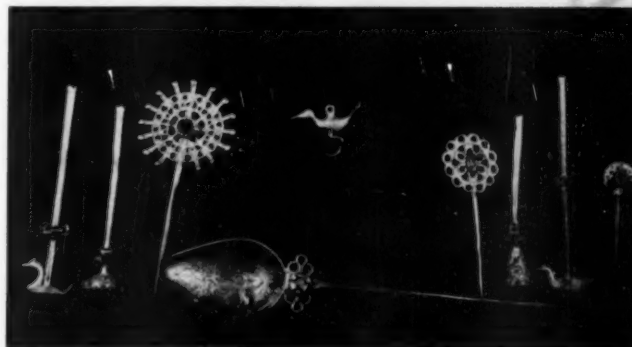
In Paraguayan trade, mate was even used as currency. Every thirty pounds of processed herb was worth a "hollow peso," three of which were worth a silver peso. More permanent products, such as iron, lumber, or actual money of insignificant value, were used only in payment of taxes.

As a drink, mate is not unlike any other tea, for it is an infusion of cured, crushed leaves. The plant is indigenous to South America, from Bocura, in Uruguay, to Santa Cruz de la Sierra, in Bolivia, including stretches in Brazil, Argentina, and Paraguay, together with small patches in Peru, Ecuador, and Colombia. But it is most abundant in Paraguay, southwestern Brazil, and northeastern Argentina, the only countries where it is industrially exploited.

As early as 1786, Paraguay—the largest producer up



Elaborate silver utensils used by some of the wealthier mate enthusiasts. Note intricate figures on ends of bombillas, and legs of chest (at top) in shape of horses' hooves





According to an old adage, "he who accepts mate will come back." Drink, served in different ways, used to convey romantic messages



The cowboy's gourd and sipper are part of his riding equipment, go with him everywhere



Tired workman pauses for a spot of invigorating mate

to the beginning of the nineteenth century—was exporting over two and a half million pounds of processed mate a year. When the dictator Francia came to power in 1813, however, exports were practically forbidden and production was limited to the level of domestic needs. As a result, Argentine and Uruguayan buyers turned to Brazilian sources, and the mate industry boomed in southern Brazil, pushing back frontiers, opening new roads, building new towns. When the Misiones

border dispute between Brazil and Argentina came up for arbitration in 1910, President William Howard Taft of the United States, who had been invited to mediate, decided in favor of Argentina, which up to then had no exploitable mate regions. With the acquisition of one of Brazil's most productive areas, the Argentines then started to exploit the Misiones trees, at the same time experimenting with cultivation. Only the Jesuits in the seventeenth century had succeeded in planting mate in their Uruguay River missions, but their method remained a mystery. It was generally believed that the priests forced the Indians to swallow the seeds before returning them to the earth. For, curiously, this plant doesn't follow the usual germinating process. The work of sowing lies with the birds, who swallow the seeds and later deposit them elsewhere, ready to germinate.

Through patience and perseverance, the Argentines discovered an efficient, though still laborious, way to cultivate mate, and very soon, to the Brazilians' amazement, thousands of trees flourished in Misiones. Production continued to grow. From the Argentines' first crop in 1914, they obtained six and a half million pounds of mate. Twenty years later their groves yielded enough to satisfy internal consumption needs. By 1939 the crop was so large that overproduction became a problem; nearly ninety thousand pounds had to be destroyed. Today Brazil is still the top exporter; even Argentina imports about twenty-two million pounds of mate yearly from its neighbor. The biggest buyer is Uruguay, with fifty million pounds, followed by Chile, with twenty-four million.

Meanwhile, Brazil is searching for new markets, especially in Europe. Though the ancient *caá-i* of the Guaraní has been introduced in the United States, it is still unknown in many countries. Actually, it is strange that the drink should have been totally assimilated only by South Americans, for its amazing qualities have been praised by all the food experts. For example, here is an excerpt from the Schunck de Goldfiem report, printed in the December 16, 1936, edition of Paris' *Presse Medicale*: "We again studied mate in detail from the chemical and therapeutic standpoints, and concluded that it is a general stimulant, both motor and vegetative; a scurvy preventive; and a tonic for the nerves, brain, and spine. It alleviates hunger and nourishes the smooth fibers of the intestines. It prevents infection and dyspepsia and increases perspiration. These actions are produced by biochemical compounds of chlorophyll, tannin, metallic elements. . . ."

There are many ways to serve mate—in steaming tea-cups, as a frosty refreshment, even in sherbets and cocktails. But the most picturesque is the traditional way of the old settlers and the present-day cowboy. Originally used as a corrective for his diet, it eventually became a habit until now the gaucho and his *chimarrão* are inseparable. On the pampa—the whole gaucho territory, from Uruguay and Argentina up to Rio Grande do Sul State in Brazil—it is the favorite beverage of both men and women, who sip it several times a day, a custom

(Continued on page 46)

WARNING—This Entire Island is a Biological RESERVATION by Act of Congress.
NO ONE may enter or walk through any part of the Island without obtaining prior permission in writing from **JAMES ZETEK, P.O. Drawer C, Balboa, C.Z.** **NO TRESPASSING**
Please do not interfere with launches or any installations or experiments. **NO HUNTING**

ANIMALS' ISLAND

Scientists study nature in the raw at Barro Colorado preserve in Panama's Gatun Lake

Corinne B. Feeney

BARRO COLORADO ISLAND, rising steeply from the waters of man-made Gatun Lake in the Panama Canal Zone, is virtually a tropical Noah's Ark. Its 3,600 acres of untamed jungles and streams shelter representatives of practically everything in the tropics that walks, crawls, flies, wriggles, or swims. According to one estimate, there are twelve hundred species of spiders alone. The island also has about three thousand kinds of plants, five hundred and fifteen of algae, fungi, and mosses; a thousand varieties of ferns, seventy different mammals, and sixty-two forms of reptiles. To this happy hunting ground come scientists from many countries, armed with pencil, notebook, and camera, to study nature in the raw.

Barro Colorado has not always been a naturalist's paradise, or even an island. Years ago the Chagres River wound its peaceful way through a sprawling jungled valley of the Isthmus of Panama to its mouth at San Lorenzo on the Atlantic Coast. The builders of the Panama Canal decided to block the flow of the river with a dam to create a terminal lake. When the dam was finished, the mighty Chagres overflowed its banks; the animals fled before the rising tide, taking refuge on the highest hilltops. So Barro Colorado, formerly a valley ridge, was transformed into an island, filled with strange and fascinating creatures trapped by the flood.

Scientists cast covetous eyes on this patch of concentrated wildlife, and in 1923 James Zetek, a U.S. Department of Agriculture entomologist, approached General J. J. Morrow, Governor of the Panama Canal, to explore

the possibility of obtaining Barro Colorado as a biological preserve. Dr. Zetek's reputation was well established on the isthmus, where he had spent considerable time doing research on the anopheles mosquito. Supporting his plea were a group of scientists who had organized themselves into the Institute for Research in Tropical America. Governor Morrow, instantly sympathetic to the suggestion, gave permission, and the island was set aside for the study of tropical flora and fauna.

Dr. Zetek became the curator, with Dr. Ignacio Molino of Panama as assistant. Both proved able planners and organizers in preparing the island for its scientific role. A dock was built at Frijoles—a whistle-stop village on the shores of Gatun Lake—and another at Barro Colorado, three miles away. Little by little, screened cottages to serve as sleeping quarters, laboratories, and a kitchen went up to accommodate the workers. Trails were hacked out and steep ravines were spanned by small bridges. A narrow-gauge railway track with steel cable, winch, and car was installed to hoist baggage, provisions, and heavy equipment from the wharf to the laboratory.

Meanwhile, invitations were sent to scientists throughout the world to use Barro Colorado for their research. Colleges and institutions sent some of their foremost men to the station, and joined interested friends in contributing funds and equipment. A Canadian professor came to examine rust fungi, woody fungi, and slime mold. A Harvard scientist spent months studying ticks and blood parasites. A Johns Hopkins University pro-



Visitors leave trans-isthmian train at Frijoles whistle stop to meet boat from biological station



Launch that takes you across man-made lake to Barro Colorado Island, three miles away



fessor continued his studies on the protozoa inhabiting the intestinal tract of amphibia. Another came from the same university to study the anatomy of sloths and monkeys. One scientist, interested in the habits and songs of birds, studied such exotic members of birddom as the tinamou, the Hicks' seedeater, and double-toothed kite, the boat-tailed flycatcher, the tityra, the spotted ant bird, and the hermit hummingbird. In those early days the steamship companies even extended special transportation rates to encourage scientists to visit the island. Men flocked from the centers of learning in the Old World and the New, and their findings soon began to enrich man's knowledge of his habitat.

Since 1923, scientific papers written on the island have averaged better than twenty-two per year, ranging from such popular treatments as *Tropical Eden*, *That Bird the Toucan*, and *Rainbow on Wings* to ponderous expositions such as *New Neotropical Syrphidae* (Diptera) and *Poikilothermism in a Mammal, the Sloth*.

During Franklin D. Roosevelt's term as President of the United States, through congressional action Barro Colorado became CZBA—Canal Zone Biological Area—a government agency attached to the National Academy of Sciences. When President Truman started eliminating alphabetical agencies and combining projects, Barro Colorado was made a division of the Smithsonian Institution. But under any title, alphabetical or otherwise, life on the island is far from primitive. The buildings, equipped with modern refrigeration, lights, and running water, offer a peaceful existence, secluded from the hurly-burly of the city. The animal and bird calls, at first disconcerting, are soon taken for granted. And, as those living there point out, boredom is out of the question, for no two days on the island are alike.

Last year thirty-three workers came to Barro Colorado, and accommodations are always available to students and scientists whose credentials are in order. But what about the ordinary layman eager to take a look at some of the wild creatures and how they live?

While casual visitors are not encouraged, every opportunity is given to those with a real interest, and arrangements for a one-day visit can be made with the popular curator. "Come next Tuesday," genial Dr. Zetek will say. "Get off the train at Frijoles. There you'll be met, and our boat will take you and your party across the lake to the island. No, don't bring anything to eat. There's a good cook at Barro Colorado who'll manage a meal." Dr. Zetek is too modest to explain that his cook has the reputation of turning out the fluffiest, whitest rice and the best beef, plantain, and coffee in those parts.

From both sides of the Isthmus of Panama, early-morning trains depart at seven o'clock, reaching Frijoles about thirty minutes later. Return trains leave for the terminal cities a little after five in the afternoon. At Frijoles visitors are met by Chichi, the island foreman, who leads the way across the railroad tracks to the tiny dock where the boat is moored.

Gatun Lake is often ruffled and stormy. When the water is quiet, the launch cuts through its glassy smooth-

One hundred and ninety-eight steps lead from landing to scientists' compound. Beyond, the animals have free rein

ness, hardly raising a ripple, and the view is superb. The surrounding hills are bright with yellow-flowering trees, while the jagged shoreline of Barro Colorado shows up a solid jade green.

As the boat pulls alongside the landing, visitors face Barro Colorado's first challenge: two hundred vertical steps leading to the buildings. At the top, the puffing climbers sink gratefully into comfortable chairs in the roomy laboratory and sip cold limeade while Dr. Zetek explains the island's history and geography and some of its work. He is proud of his vast shell collection, the jars of "pickled" snakes, and the file of slides, all out for inspection. A unique index lists species of plants and animals, the scientific name of each, the order and family name, and the collector and date.

Before starting the trek through the jungle, a guide gives each person a sturdy stick about a yard long to help him negotiate the hilly paths. Everyone is warned to step lightly and talk only in whispers to avoid frightening the animals.

The network of trails spreads over the island, each named and numbered so that one can find his way back to the base by taking the lower number at every junction. Along these paths lie the scientific projects—screened bottles, baited to lure and trap a particular variety of insect; row on row of wood samples, each piece treated with a different experimental solution and embedded in the soil to measure relative deterioration from termites; fenced-off anthills and beehives; cameras rigged with flash bulbs and automatic trigger releases to capture on film any animal that tampers with carefully placed bait.

Soon the morning sun is almost entirely shut out by heavy canopies of interwoven tree branches. A huge ceiba pushes its way skyward sixty feet above the earth, its wide-stretched arms almost hidden by masses of parasitic vegetation and long, swaying ferns. Other vines drop straight as a plumb line from the topmost branches.

A sloth clings to one of the ropelike vines, hanging head downward, suspended by strong hooked claws. He even sleeps in this peculiar fashion, curling into a ball. When looking for food, he crawls almost imperceptibly along the tree branches just fast enough to devour the leaves, buds, and fruits. When it comes to speed, he is in a class with the snail and the turtle.

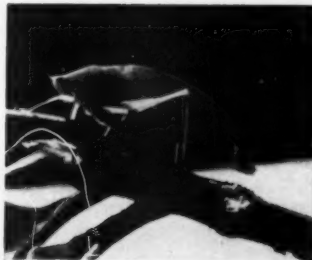
Nearby stands a maria tree, with wood so hard that Canal engineers used it to make bearings for the lock gates. Growing within the shadow of the maria is a balsa, whose wood is lighter than cork. Suddenly a crimson tanager darts forth; a blue tanager joins him, and together they drink the nectar encased in the balsa's vase-shaped flowers. From a giant cocobolo tree, the harsh voice of an Amazon parrot calls raucously, "Stop-it, quick . . . quick . . . quick." Short-billed pigeons reply with ceaseless fervor from the fronds of a sugar palm, "Je t'adore, je t'adore." An iridescent hummingbird, so small she could nest in a thimble, complacently whirls toward a buffet breakfast of pink blossoms in a nearby bush.



Profuse jungle growth, hills, and swamps offer natural home for thousands of species



Curator Dr. James Zetek gives coatimundis afternoon snack

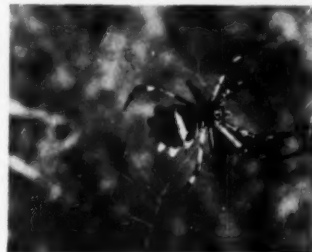


Tarantulas and poisonous snakes stay away from people

It's survival of the fittest for insects and all others



One of the island's twelve hundred species of spiders



A tiny spotted deer peers out at strange two-legged visitors



A visitor pets young tapir that moved in on scientists



Iguanas, common even in cities, provide a Panamanian delicacy



Along the more open trails and above the tiny brooks, brilliantly colored butterflies dance erratically, like leaves in a gale—red, yellow, and black heliconians with their friends the great blue Morphos. Aviators claim the Morphos' bright wings are visible from a height of two thousand feet.

The ground in rainy season is sodden from daily downpours. One minute the visitor is slithering in mud; the next treading on a soft carpet of moist leaves, ferns, yielding earth, and sweet-smelling humus. Tarantulas and scorpions hide under leaves and behind rocks; hairy spiders hang from foliage; lizards scuttle in every direction. One looks warily for the deadly coral snake, fer-de-lance, and bushmaster. But the snakes are so intent on minding their own business that they are seldom in evidence.

More startling is the ugly iguana, an arboreal lizard, not because it is dangerous but because it has a most disconcerting habit of simply dropping from a bough when it wants to descend, landing with a thump or a splash. Iguanas are everywhere, even on the lawns of isthian towns and cities, and sometimes on the table, for the meat is considered a delicacy.

Deeper in the jungle one hears the quiet singing of a stream as it leaps from stone to stone. Then suddenly a roar splits the silence. "Harmless howler monkeys," the guide announces reassuringly. No one has yet determined why howlers howl. There are howls at daybreak and howls at twilight. If an airplane drones overhead, there are howls of protest. Periodic howling throughout the day apparently has no connection with time or events. There are howls of warning when humans are spied along the trail, and howls when there are no intruders. The older males seem to lead the chorus, with females and young carrying the raucous refrain. An ancient, bearded male with the face of a satyr peers through the tree branches. When he opens his enormous mouth, his whole head seems to disappear behind a gaping row of teeth. Then he continues his conversation, which can be heard a mile away.

Other monkeys on the island enchant the visitor. The grayish-brown marmoset, just big enough to fit into a coat pocket, peeps down from a tree crotch, gossiping scandalously about the human intruders. There's also the capuchin, the white-faced monkey of organ-grinder fame. One sees whole troops of them on Barro Colorado, performing their almost human antics and bits of buffoonery.

If he is lucky, the visitor sees a compact little fellow, heavily armored from the tip of his nose to the end of his tail, the armadillo. As a rule, he doesn't venture forth in daytime, but if discovered in his hiding place he scampers away on tiptoe. A breaking twig will make him stop, look around, and listen. He sneezes, shakes his little head, flaps his ears like an elephant. Then he hustles off to another hideaway.

For a moment after his departure the jungle grows quiet. Quiet, that is, except for the crunchings of a band of peccaries feasting away under an almendro tree. In Spanish the bristled peccary is called *puerco del monte*,

or forest pig. The white-lipped peccaries of Barro Colorado are said to be fierce; mothers with young are particularly vicious. No one on the island, however, has ever been attacked by a peccary or any other animal. Still, this doesn't stop visitors from considering a means of escape.

The nearest tree would not be the happiest choice if the long, hanging nest of the *oropéndola* were suspended from its branches. Not that the bird would object, but the wasps who live on the tree trunk make it their business to be inhospitable. The *oropéndola*, richly clothed in brown, black, and yellow, breeds in colonies with homes hung in trees where there are plenty of protective wasp nests. The male birds roost at night some distance from the females, leaving them with the eggs—and the wasps.

A tall, leafless tree hemmed in by a wild strangler fig on one side and by a giant cedar on the other may shelter a dozen or more gaily colored toucans. These angular, awkward creatures with the lightweight, oversized beaks are often called the clowns of the bird family.

Suddenly a tiny deer rises out of the brush to take a look around. For a moment his baby face shows no suspicion. Then he becomes conscious of strangers, hears the click of a camera, and scampers off. In his haste, he barely misses an anteater poking along in quest of food. It would be impossible for one of these bizarre animals to starve on Barro Colorado, where there are ants of all kinds, colors, and sizes.

Several years ago, Dr. T. C. Schnierla, studying the driver ants of the island, reported that he had watched columns of as many as thirty thousand large ants execute a coordinated march through the jungles of Barro Colorado. The column, sometimes three hundred yards long, was organized into a main body, with the queen surrounded by supply carriers. An advance guard determined the route, while the largest ants, fully half an inch long, comprised raiding parties and shock troops to defend the main column against enemies. When a battle was imminent, the column would deploy like a human army with shock troops bearing the brunt of battle. According to Dr. Schnierla, the army ants suffered heavy losses, but withdrew with plenty of booty.

No tour of the island is complete without an inspection of the coves along the shore. A little basilisk darts on stringy legs over the water. (According to a local superstition, if this lizard looks you in the eye, you'll surely die before sunset.) A kingfisher utters a vigorous cry and dives for his meal. White egrets stand out in exquisite contrast with the somber shades of dripping foliage. A large bluish bird, with long neck and stiltlike legs, wades in the shallows. The blue heron moves slowly, with head and neck drawn in against his body and long legs trailing, or stands motionless watching for the small fish, frogs, tadpoles, and snakes that form the bulk of his diet. The purple gallinule, one of the most spectacular tropical birds, runs nimbly over floating aquatic vegetation. On his feathered back he wears every color of the tropics.

(Continued on page 45)



Salvadorean tales

Hugo Lindo

IN WRITING about El Salvador for publication abroad, it seems expedient to begin by locating the country and its people on the map of America. I realize that many of my readers will already be acquainted with our geography, our history, even our idiosyncrasies. But there will be some, caught up in the mesh of everyday necessities or whose training has been along technical lines, who have scarcely had time to learn of our existence. They are not to blame. The area involved is very small—officially 13,173 square miles—and in some ways it seems even smaller, since efforts to publicize it

through books and other means are limited.

Nestled in the heart of the tropics, the "Tom Thumb of America," as the Salvadorean poet Julio Enrique Avila called it, has ports only on the Pacific. This makes it slightly different from the other Central American countries; Guatemala, Honduras, Nicaragua, and Costa Rica show certain Caribbean influences, typical accents, racial elements, standards of living, and so on.

El Salvador is essentially a mountainous, agricultural country. The chief products of its land, which is cultivated from the valleys to the peaks, are coffee, sugar



Local landscapes are backdrop of many Salvadorean stories. Thirty-five miles from capital rugged Santa Ana Volcano rises above Lake Coatepeque

cane, cotton, and henequen. The bulk of the two million inhabitants are mestizos—mixed Indian and Spanish. Almost no pure-blooded Indians remain, but the curious traveler might find a few in hamlets like Izalco or Nahuizalco in the western department of Sonsonate. The rough speech of the country people is sprinkled with amusing archaic expressions. Accustomed to coping with tropical heat and storms, earthquakes and economic crises, they are robust, dogged, frugal, and resigned. Their diet is monotonous and they themselves are reluctant to vary it: large corn tortillas and salted boiled beans make up their daily fare. They grow coffee with unmatched skill; the best—said to be some of the best in the world—is harvested on the peaks of the hills and volcanoes. But that is another subject. Enough has been said to give an idea of the physical and human background of the Salvadorean short story.

Despite slight differences resulting from El Salvador's exclusively Pacific coast line, similar circumstances, reinforced by geography and history, make a single nation of Central America. Hence the short story has developed more or less uniformly throughout the area, and a complete study should cover all the Central American countries, but for this article we must single out a section of the full picture. We cannot properly speak of a Salvadorean, Guatemalan, or Costa Rican short story. Even in referring to a Central American one, we must keep in mind the strong influences that came from South America through the pages of *La Vorágine*, by Colombia's José Eustacio Rivera, and *Doña Bárbara*, by the Venezuelan ex-President Rómulo Gallegos. The repercussions of these novels can be seen in Central American writers' exhaustive and vigorous descriptions of tropical jungles.

In the preface to my *Antología del Cuento Moderno Centro Americano* (Anthology of the Modern Short Story in Central America), published by the University of El Salvador, I summed up the Central American short story like this: "Three tendencies are noticeable: the universal one, exemplified by stories analyzing the white man or the mestizo, recounting events that could have occurred anywhere, or illustrating a thesis whose validity transcends national boundaries; the regional one, characterized by descriptions of our land and our people; and what we might call the folkloric one (per-

haps part of the regional), in which the author expresses himself in the language of the rural workers as if he were one of them."

Perhaps in this folkloric tendency we might find something that could more accurately be called a Salvadorean, Guatemalan, or Nicaraguan short story. But this seems highly artificial. Even those stories that are not generally understood beyond the country's frontiers have a background of human problems: poverty, alcoholism, death. The characteristic motivations are usually extremely simple, and the power of the elements and destiny is superimposed on the human will.

It is my firm belief that in El Salvador the short story is a child of the twentieth century. What went on in the nineteenth was merely preparatory. In the eighteenthundreds the genre writings were prevalent—mere observations of the region and its people, without plot, like the musicals of the movies. The inner structure that makes a story something deeper and more human than a simple portrayal of atmosphere was missing from the work of our fathers and grandfathers. There was none of the framework of intention, the thread of purpose that makes a story an independent unit. Luis Lagos y Lagos, Carlos A. Imendia, Hermógenes Alvarado, and Belisario U. Suárez all belonged to that period. Concerned with external appearances, the shell of our society, they used a style that was rather affected, very European, perhaps excessively correct. Psychologically, they made a man of learning out of the Salvadorean farmer or workman.



One trend in Salvadorean short story has emphasized customs like this Indian dance

If we except a few stories from the pen of Francisco Gavidia, El Salvador's greatest humanist (now an old man, but fortunately still writing), the credit for discovering our individuality and our manner of speaking goes to Arturo Ambrogí, who was born in San Salvador, the capital, in 1876 and died there in 1936. An indefatigable traveler and an extremely keen observer, Ambrogí left precise accounts of his journeys through Europe and Asia. Nothing escaped him. At times his works are tiresome because of too much detail.

It is now commonplace in Central American literary criticism to compare Ambrogí to a camera, contrasting him with Salvador Salazar Arrué (known by the pseudo-

Strictly speaking, he was a writer of descriptions rather than of short stories. To put it in Hegel's terms, the nineteenth-century genre writers were the thesis, Ambrogí was the antithesis, and Salarrué was the synthesis.

The best of Ambrogí's works were *Cuentos y Fantasías* (Stories and Fantasies), *El Libro del Trópico* (The Book of the Tropics), *El Segundo Libro del Trópico*, and *El Jetón* (The Thick-Lipped Man). The first two are now out of print, and the third can be found only by much searching in Salvadorean bookshops. Here is a brief example of his descriptive powers:

The *estanco* was a filthy hole. [He is referring to one of the old-time barrooms that were conducive to all kinds of crime, the Dantesque setting for vice and misery. Thanks to a law requiring that all liquors be sold by the bottle for consumption off the premises, such places no longer exist.] The yellowish, loosely fastened straw matting of the ceiling, covered with cobwebs and remnants of paper streamers left over from some celebration, seemed about to fall to the floor. A lamp hung from a twisted wire. It was one of those locally made lamps with a tin shade, painted green. One of those smoky lamps that blacken and eventually split their chimneys. Those lamps that intensify the smell of burning kerosene. It lit dimly a wooden counter topped by a layer of embossed zinc, on which there was a row of four glass decanters, half full of a viscous liquid. On shelves cluttered with paper streamers in the same colors and deteriorated state as those hanging from the ceiling were some bottles of "Perro" beer, Orange Crush, and ginger ale. Suspended from a spike in the wall was a guitar with a faded, tricolored ribbon tied at the neck.

From the Indian town of Izalco came another writer, Francisco Herrera Velado, now burdened by many years and living in retirement in Santa Ana. An author with a brilliant and humorous style, he published a volume of stories in verse entitled *Mentiras y Verdades* (Falsehoods and Truths)—magnificent octaves in the manner of the gifted Guatemalan poet José Batres Montúfar. Later he brought out a volume of clever and amusing stories in prose under the title *Agua de Coco* (Coconut Milk), which is what Salvadoreans call people from Sonsonate Department, where coconuts are so abundant. The book is valuable because it reveals, while entertaining, the pure-blooded Indian's psychological outlook.

Alberto Rivas Bonilla was born in 1891 in Santa Tecla, about seven miles from the capital, where he now lives. A medical doctor, he is also one of the finest humorists in the history of Central American literature. His little book *Andanzas y Malandanzas* (Fortunes and Misfortunes) consists of one extensive short story. The hero is a humble, lame, hungry, and mistreated farm dog. In my opinion it is one of the tenderest and most sensitive stories in all our humorous writings. The dog seems to be a symbol of the poverty in which the rural population lives. The book first appeared in 1936, and the Ministry of Culture brought out a more carefully prepared edition in 1949. His other book of stories, *Me Monto en un Potro* (I Ride on a Colt), has also been well received.

We now come to Salarrué, the nation's outstanding short-story writer, who was born in Sonsonate in 1899. Painter, essayist, poet, and storyteller, he is perhaps the

(Continued on page 41)



Arturo Ambrogí was the first Salvadorean storyteller to capture the outlook and colloquial speech of the country's farmers

nym "Salarrué"), who paints with broad strokes. A man who thought for himself, Ambrogí was the first to realize that our rural people were not doctors of law or medicine but farmers with psychological and cultural limitations. He caught the shadings of their speech, with all its roughness and vigor. With extraordinary skill he presented the characteristics and customs of the humblest Salvadoreans, but his stories were sometimes too long and detailed, and often lacked unity. Therefore, although he is generally considered the father of the Salvadorean short story, I have always maintained that he deserves this title only in the sense that he opened a new route and prepared the new generations.



ON THE SHORES OF

Titicaca

Emilio Vásquez

TO SAY THAT the vast geographical region commonly called the Titicaca Plateau is a world of fantasy doesn't seem to me to be saying it right. Fantasy is a product of the mind, a product of dreams, a transcript of desire. Perhaps if I should say that the "world of Titicaca" is a reality unique on the face of the earth, I would be approaching the truth. But possibly the best way is to say that the Kollao Plateau, as it is also called, is the large—and small at the same time—"world of solemnity." This is truly a marvelous world, a landscape and a humanity that make one think with Count Keyserling that it might be the survival of the first days of Creation.

Nothing here is pretty, nothing is delightful or frivolous. All is grave, severe, solemn. Even the rejoicing of the men of these heights, expressed in their music and dances, is usually surcharged with austerity and pantheistic awe. This little world, great even in its smallest creatures—the insects, the birds, the pastures, the reeds of the lake, the flora and fauna in general—invites one to meditate, leads to astonishment. Astonishment is the permanent state of the man from outside who possesses by nature that certain attitude of inquiry into mysteries—an attitude that is not, to be sure, common to all.

I have seen foreigners stand petrified before the rare



Inca pottery found in Juli, now in the Puno City Museum

spectacle, the depth and variety of the physical and animistic phenomena appearing with the passage of the hours, the days, and the seasons. There must be few things in the world, for example, more enigmatic and charged with mystery than the nights of Kollao. I have also seen men of other latitudes cry like abandoned children, possessed by fear and profound emotion. Before the lake twilights, they could only end by submerging themselves in the waters of the Sacred Lake, rendering it pagan homage.

The very expression "altiplano" implies a special place on the globe. Actually, it is a limitlessly vast pampa, rising gradually from the coast to the sierra. Its altitude varies between roughly eleven thousand and nineteen thousand feet above sea level. Still, it is possible to live there. The resulting thinness of the air affects us only rarely, for tableland biology is made to withstand it. Where no outsider could survive, up in the mighty peaks of Punta Perdida and Kakachara, you will find severe and priestly men who at first sight seem to come from another world. Toasted by the sun, lashed day and night by the whistling wind of the tableland, wrapped in the paramo and its silence, distant from all civilization, defying an endless chain of cosmic aggressions, the Aymará with his flock seems not of human lineage, but of legend, the descendant of Titans or gods.

The Andean cordillera rises in the southern limits of South America. As if in the steps of centaurs, it traverses the territory of Chile, then penetrates Bolivia. Here it divides into two long arms, like the arms of an unearthly beast cordially extended to enclose in a perpetual embrace the colossal oval of the great Kollao Plateau.

The name Titicaca is universally believed to come from two Aymará words: *titi*, which means "mountain cat," and *caca*, "rocky," or, better, "rock-colored." Surely a thousand historic episodes are bound up with these joined words—the episodes that time and the course of events are forever adding to words. For this strange inland sea generates life, and in so doing shapes the physical and psychological nature of a human multitude.

Here is the pampa—properly, the altiplano. Here is the huge plaza that makes one think of an amphitheater where move men of unique form and content. Here are caves, crags, defiles, counterforts, hills and series of hills, plains and rises, quagmires and snowy places, glaciers whose pinnacles seem to be holding up the sky. To us of the tableland—"natives of Titicaca," as we like to say—these are beings clothed in authority, a source of protection and guidance. It would be strange not to find in a man of the tableland a strong attachment to "mother earth," a silent and constructive love of everything native.

What, after all, is the meaning of the gateway at Tiahuanaco? Who built it? The Indian feels a sense of fulfillment when he comes to understand the values that surge from his land. For this reason he loves it, he worships it, he deifies it. "Ah, I am an Aymará, sir," says the man of the little paramo farm. "I am from the tableland, thanks be to God," proudly says the mestizo

of the cities and villages, which is the same as saying: "I was born in Titicaca, and therefore I love above all things the most unlimited thing in life—freedom."

In the midst of this pampa is Titicaca, a mythological lake, generator of life, maker of institutions ruling the destiny of the people that live under its mandate. It is, moreover, the highest steam-navigated lake in the world. This sheet of water surely holds the key to the history of the New World. From it emerged the legendary couple Manco Capac and Mama Oello, sent by their father the sun (the *inti* of the Aymará religion) to civilize mankind. And the Inca Empire came into being.

Where is the origin in time and space of this inexplicable inland sea—suspended on high at 12,500 feet—which though a sea is of fresh water? There are only theories. Some hold that Titicaca represents the vestiges of a true sea, which in remote times underwent tremendous upheavals that changed it into a series of lakes—Umayo, Calapuja, Lagunillas, and so on. Of all these, Titicaca would be the largest. Others affirm that these waters, today contained in an Andean bowl, are the remains of a river running from north to south through the Vilcanota Valley in Cuzco and along the great Peruvian-Bolivian ovoid we know today. The Desaguadero would be the surviving outlet. And there are those who claim that Titicaca is a volcanic deposit. The volcano responsible, they say, is Kapia, which stands like a rocky lookout south of the lake, on the outskirts of Yunguyo. At its summit there still exists the lagoon that to the theorizers is the crater of the now-inactive watery volcano.

This is the southern Peruvian sierra. To go to Bolivia or Argentina by way of Peru, one necessarily crosses Kollao—the *Kollasuyu* of the Incas—and skirts Titicaca. The traveler has his choice of two land routes: the Huanacané route, to the north of the lake, and the Chucuito route, to the south. Along the first are the extremely interesting altiplano towns of Taraco, Huanacané, and Vilquechico, and the curious villages of Moho and Conima, noted for their *wayños*. In Bolivia, the road goes through Carabuco, Itaque, Puerto Acosta, Pícarani, and finally La Paz.

The southern route touches Chucuito, Acora, Ilave (a busy trading center), then the provincial capital of Juli on a lovely lake bay. It was in Juli that the Jesuit Ludovico Bertonio's famous Dictionary of the Aymará Language was printed. There Fathers Calancha, Blas Valera, Joseph Acosta, and many other illustrious missionaries wrote their chronicles, and there the most famous architecture of the Kollao Plateau is found, in the crumbling Jesuit temples of San Pedro, San Juan de Letrán, and Santa Cruz.

Soon afterward, the traveler reaches Pomata, where the church of Santiago Apóstol stands as if it belonged to our own day. Then Yunguyo, a very active commercial center on the border with Bolivia; then Zepita, with its great mestizo baroque church; and finally the two towns of Desaguadero, straddling the international boundary. In a few hours, he finds himself in Tiahuanaco, face to face with the monoliths, the *kalasayas* (standing stones),

and the enigmatic Gateway of the Sun. After another few hours' travel, submerged in unanswered questions, his eyes surfeited with a thousand visions, he arrives in La Paz, a city that is rapidly becoming Occidentalized.

If he does not want to follow either of these itineraries, both of which start at the Peruvian port city of Puno, he can cross the iridescent waters of Titicaca in a comfortable lake steamer like the *Coya*, the *Inca*, the *Yavari*, or the *Ollanta*.

There is not the slightest doubt that in remote ages great civilizations flourished along the Kollao meseta. At least, so we are told by American history, transmitted to us by the chroniclers of the Conquest and scholars of all latitudes. But through the ages nothing is static or immutable. The ruins of the age-old empire of Tiahuanaco, rising in the eastern part of the plateau, testify that here advanced cultures reached their zenith, civilizations capable of having built the archeological wonder that is the Gateway of the Sun. All along here are the outlines of cities buried by unknown geocultural cataclysms. These *chullpas*, these fragmentary fortresses, these remains of native cities and temples, could speak to us of the life and death of the peoples who so patiently raised them.

Human vestiges are everywhere too, survivors of peoples that built triumphant destinies, and of others whose cultural cycles were cut short. But if we were to inquire of all these vestiges, the living and the dead, they could tell us some astonishing truths. In their strongly guttural languages or in the onomatopoeic lash of their concise words and expressions, the *lupakas*, *chipanas*, *karis*, *kollas*, *puquinas*, and above all, those strange men called "*urus del Titicaca*" (half men, half beasts, as the first chroniclers, including Father Acosta, wrote), could take us back to the radiant but obscure days of Tiahuanaco, without doubt the ancestor of splendid Tahuantinsuyo.

As if they had purposely drawn apart, countless villages cluster around this high fresh-water sea. Here in Kollao, respect for Titicaca is translated into blind obedience to its will. Even beyond its natural boundaries this respect is manifest: the entire Bolivian province of La Paz and the Peruvian towns of Tacna, Moquegua, Arequipa, and Cuzco itself, depend on "what the Sacred Lake will say."

The lake governs the economy of the altiplano. According to its pleasure, there will be whole epochs of abundance or long periods of hunger for all. Its droughts and floods are fatal to the biology and the economy of its surroundings. The fields, the men, the flocks of sheep, alpacas, and cattle (whose milk, cheese, and butter are unequaled), will suffer gravely if the lake "goes down." Death and misery will threaten. Moreover, the lake governs the physical and metaphysical conceptions of the man of Kollao. His beliefs in things of the beyond, his theory and practice of art, science, and society—in short, everything we commonly call "customs"—are subject to the voice of Titicaca.

Jhacha Kota (magnificent lake), is the Aymarás' hyperbolic phrase; *Jatun Kocha* (our father, Titicaca),



Derbied women set up market in front of Copacabana church. Famous August fiesta honors miracle-working image of Virgin in sanctuary

the Quechuas of the altiplano say, in a figurative and reverent expression. If the cattle perish for lack of pasturage on its shores, or if there are no *totoras* reeds for making the small craft called *balsas*, one must not complain. "The lake wants it that way," one says. Conformity. And if, for example, someone dies in its waters on fishing nights, one says "So be it," with resignation and reverence.

The brave *balsero* of Titicaca is obliged to make his voyages in its name. And it is an obligation, almost an instinctive act, to drink some of the water and prayerfully spit it out together with the mouthful of coca that has previously been "fortified" with alcohol. Old and unserviceable *balsas* are pushed under the water with the



Pre-Incaic chullpas, or funerary monuments, of Cutimbo are among ancient relics found everywhere on the plateau

native ritual of thanksgiving.

And when a new one makes its appearance there is great rejoicing, day upon day of festival and group dancing to the rhythm of *charangos* (a kind of small guitar), guitars, and flutes. The classic bottle of champagne is represented here by a bottle of plain alcohol, 80 proof. Not infrequently, a llama, a sheep, or some other domestic animal will be sacrificed and its ashes thrown into the lake with libations of alcohol and *acullicus* of coca. The people of Amantani and Taquile, Soto and Coati. Many Islands of the Sun and the Moon, are even said to sacrifice their children on the altar of the lake.

To know the people of the tableland, you must be there for *Los Carnavales*. This is the time when things and people show themselves as they are, individually and collectively. Men grow more light-hearted, the fields are clothed in green, the sky rains in torrents, the rivers fill their beds. Many hopes are on the brink of fulfillment. Except, of course, in years when drought has come to herald misery.

Thus, sustained by the sometimes intangible, sometimes concrete influence of Titicaca, innumerable *ayllus* (see "Today for You, Tomorrow for Me," AMERICAS, May 1951), other communities, and countless feudal estates surviving from colonial Spain inhabit its shores.



Fruit-sellers of llave, commercial crossroads of the Peruvian lake region

There are haciendas where the reign of the whip and the jail are the only reality. I have known ruthless men who did not know the limits of their domains. "Why should I," they said, "when the *kipus* and cowboys do everything?" The absentee landowners, down in the coast cities, do nothing but review the monthly statements from the banks. The profits from the sale of the wool of alpaca (the best in the world) and sheep, of butter, cheese, and other dairy products, allow them to live in the most offensive pomp and to influence the machine politics of the region.

Meanwhile, near the glaciers up in the high paramos, other men, like mere supernumeraries, enact the tremendous drama of life in the Andean haciendas. Do the

national law and its executive instruments extend to those places? The answer must be an emphatic no. The farther the hacienda is from the flat lands, the more unknown are the concept and practice of justice. On the hacienda there is no other destiny than conformity, servitude, and unending labor.

The altiplano has created its own lyric art, the *wayño*, which, in its double sense of music and dance, is the seed, bud, and flowering of life in these southern Peruvian heights. The *wayño* is not the sweet music of the Cuzco ravines, nor the feverish stamping of coastal music. It is the lyrical materialization (if I may be permitted the apparent incongruity) of life on these steppes. Nor, on the other hand, is the *wayño* of the high sierras the same as that of the lake plain. There are differences in structure, rhythm, and perhaps theme. The cordillera *wayño* is virile, almost savagely crude, and short. It displays no Spanish, mestizo, or other influences, except the distant ones dating from the time of the Conquest. It is a strongly accented music, using a five-note scale. It evokes the silent talk of the boulders, the echo of the mountains, transformed into melodies. And the dance, the plastic execution of all this, is robust, frank, and bold. This cordillera dance, called specifically *kajelo*, is performed for the most part in groups; individual dancing is the exception.

When the wailing *quena* or the little native guitar sounds at sunset, it means that somewhere there will be a dance, a nocturnal *wayño*, in the moonlight or in the blaze of crackling *ttola* (firewood). There will be amorous dialogues leading to marriage pacts, looked on with favor by all and encouraged by the verses sung by the musicians and dancers.

The *wayño* of the plain reflects the lake atmosphere, where life is markedly different psychologically, sociologically, and economically—much more bearable, naturally, than in the heights. The Titicaca *wayño* copies the life of the shore peoples and the altiplano cities. Longer and slower in rhythm (for example, *Ayrampu*), this neo-Indian *wayño* is softer, more lyrical, more romantic, perhaps. The waves of the lake, the songbirds of the reeds, the *balsas* of the fishermen skimming after a catch, the glimmering of the moon in the quiet water of tableland Octobers, all this is in the neo-Indian—or, better, *cholo*—*wayño*. The dancing too becomes more and more receptive to innovations, as in the case of the *takirari* of La Paz. For the plain cities are closer to civilization, hence more adaptable. The lake *wayño* is interpreted more or less faithfully by the guitar, the mandolin, the violin, the clarinet, the saxophone, the piano—in short, by all the instruments known here. The mestizo artists, more skillful than the players of the cordillera or the hamlets, have a greater opportunity today to create new forms. The tableland *pandilla* (a processional dance), famous among American lyric arts, is the result of a long and patient choreographic purification of popular art and music. Genaro A. Escobar, a master accordionist, eager, bohemian, and of impeccable taste, wrote unquestionably the best tableland

(Continued on page 28)

EMBASSY ROW



Honduras is represented in the United States and OAS by Ambassador Rafael Heliodoro Valle, shown here with Mrs. Valle. The picture behind them is from their collection of works by J. Antonio Velásquez, Honduran primitive painter.



Dr. Valle's contributions to the fields of history, literature, and bibliography are well known throughout the Hemisphere. Before entering his country's diplomatic service, he was also a prominent journalist in his native land and in Mexico.



Peruvian-born Emilia Romero de Valle is a noted scholar in her own right. She and her husband collaborated on *Bibliografía Cervantina en la América Española*.



Enthusiastic about Washington's research centers, Dr. and Mrs. Valle set out for the Library of Congress.



The stately embassy stands among others in the Sixteenth Street diplomatic colony.



ask Mr. Webster

This spelling book earned Webster's living while he compiled dictionary, shown with it in latest edition

WHEN NOAH WEBSTER'S *American Dictionary of the English Language* first appeared in 1828 in a 5,500-copy edition (2,500 for the United States, the rest for Great Britain), it contained 70,000 entries. Upon the famous lexicographer's death in 1843, unsold copies and publishing rights were acquired by the G. & C. Merriam Company of Springfield, Massachusetts, which has periodically brought out revised and enlarged editions ever since. As was inevitable in a world of constant change, foreign words have been continually assimilated into English. For example, the latest edition of the familiar book, retitled *Webster's New International Dictionary of the English Language* (second edition, unabridged), carries some sixteen new words of Spanish origin. Among the more than 600,000 entries of the current issue (35,000 are geographical, 13,000 biographical, and 12,000 illustrated) are terms like *conga*, *bracero* (an agricultural day laborer), *canasta*, *palomino*, *cabana*, and *coruco* (an insect pest found in the southwestern United States and northwestern Mexico). Brazil is represented by the definition of *samba*, and, for the first time, the American republics are recognized as a group under the word *Americas*.

Mr. Webster probably wouldn't recognize his brainchild today. But the tremendous growth of the dictionary in the past century is hardly comparable to the magnitude of the original task. While the first edition was entirely a one-man job, now over one hundred and seventy editors cull and glean the definitions held authoritative throughout the English-speaking world.

What is now a definitive interpreter of the language was a long time a-borning. In 1806, Yale-educated (Class of 1778) Mr. Webster, a native of Connecticut, had published his *Compendious Dictionary of the English Language*. The public liked it, but the scholars received it coldly, declaring the spelling outlandish and the pronunciation uncouth.

As a result, the lexicographer worked hard for the next twenty-two years to win over his critics. Fortu-

nately for him—he had previously been a political writer, magazine editor, lawyer, county judge, and a member of the Connecticut House of Representatives—Mr. Webster had brought out *A Grammatical Institute of the English Language* in Hartford in 1783. It was written in three parts—a spelling book, a grammar, and a reader—and the speller sales alone gave him most of the income he needed while tackling the second dictionary. By 1861 it was selling more than a million copies a year.

Although the dictionary is essentially a Yankee work, the manuscript was finished at Cambridge University in England. Mr. Webster had journeyed abroad for further research in 1824. When it appeared in print, the British accepted it without qualification, regarding it as an authority on points not covered in the lexicography of the inimitable Dr. Samuel Johnson. Curiously enough, those who continued to attack the author were some of his own countrymen, who still thought him unorthodox.

The latest edition of the Merriam-Webster dictionary is based on two and a half million citation slips in the company's files in Springfield. When a new word is to be included, its frequency of use is noted by a staff of readers who constantly examine all the newspapers, magazines, and recent books. If they see it often enough, they add it to the "New Words," or "Addenda" section of the dictionary when new copies are printed. Incidentally, of the total volume, words beginning with the letter "S" take up the most space, and, as might be expected, those beginning with "X" take up the least. The Bible requires the longest definition, and Mr. Webster himself would have been intrigued with the story of the longest word now in his book, the forty-five-letter *pneumonoultramicroscopicsilicovolcanokoniosis*, meaning "a form of [lung disease] occurring especially in miners, caused by the inhalation of very fine silicate of quartz dust." The Merriam editors first clipped it from the punctilious weekly *Time*—where it had been misspelled.



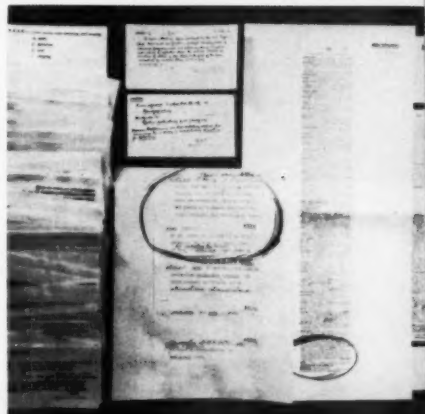
Precious historical records of Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition, unabridged) are kept in the towering files of the G. & C. Merriam Company vault in Springfield, an industrial city in central Massachusetts

An editor checks the most recent maps for geographical terms to be included in the latest edition of the dictionary. Note the special rack that supports the big books, rendering them available for instant reference. Each editor has one



Before new words are added to the dictionary, the board of directors of the Merriam Company pores over the files in search of those most frequently used. The recent war brought about an increase in foreign terms, notably military ones

Four steps through which new word goes before appearing in dictionary: From left: cards indicate frequency of appearance of word in publications. Then definition is typed into manuscript. Next comes galley; finally, page proof



Small section of the vast Merriam file containing more than two and a half million citation slips. Here are found the Spanish, Portuguese, and other foreign and new words that may be assimilated into English

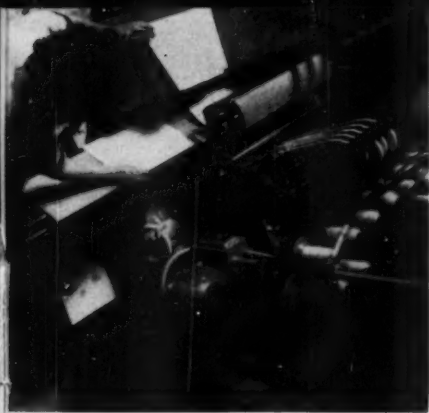
One of references that resulted in inclusion of longest word in dictionary (forty-five letters) tells of child, Phillippa Schuyler, born of white and Negro parents, who could spell it with ease at age of four



This is merely a small part of the material found in the big book so familiar to English-speaking peoples: the typed manuscripts for all words beginning with the letter A. In print they take up some two hundred pages

Proofreading the dictionary is one of most exacting tasks known in publishing world. A misprint in so basic a reference book would be unthinkable. Here copyholder reads from manuscript as proofreader checks it on galley





When page proofs are O.K.'d, printed sheets are made up and folded into signatures. Then they are assembled and sewn together by machine. Bulkiness of final bound volume calls for careful, precise handwork

Here, in fact, a bookbinder whipstitches the front and back of Mr. Webster's dictionary by hand. The Merriam Company has the actual printing and binding done by the Riverside Press in Cambridge, Massachusetts



Marbling adds to distinction of volume's appearance. Here's how it's done: Using special clamp, marbler dips edges of book into marbling bath. Next, he stacks it with the dictionaries already marbled behind him on the assembly line

To form a joint to which the cover can be attached, book goes through process called rounding and backing. Binder places book on iron block and rounds it. Then he puts it in a vise and hammers it until joint appears



Next step calls for application of hot glue by hand to the stack of books in assembly. Gauze is applied and the whole operation is repeated. Books are allowed to dry for twenty-four hours before cover is attached

"Casing in" is the term used by binders when putting cover on book. Here workman attaches a guard page to the dictionary to keep the glue from touching the edges of the familiar Merriam binding that encloses Noah Webster's work



Ever wonder how those notches are cut into dictionaries and other reference books? When the places for the thumb index are located, a binder cuts them out with a hand cutter, then glues on the tabs

The largest and smallest of the current editions of Mr. Webster's dictionary. The huge, unabridged New International dwarfs the tiny pocket one, considerably smaller than the first Webster. Both are found wherever English is spoken



ON THE SHORES OF TITICACA

(Continued from page 23)

wayños, still remembered after twenty years. Today we have Miguel Angles of Moho, in whose concertina playing the tableland *wayño* acquires something demiurgic, something of desolation and death.

The altitude, the cold, the burning sun and wind, the available raw materials, are responsible for another typical art—the mode of dress. Heavily padded garments are suggested by the climate, and at hand are the fine wools of sheep, alpaca, llama, guanaco, vicuña, and suri. The colors are determined by economic level, local tradition, and the occasion on which the clothes are to be worn. On ordinary days the garment is dark, almost somber. On Sundays, when one is going to market, it is of bright colors. On days of regional fiestas, the woman will be decked out in her best clothes, made of luxurious multicolored flannel and cloths of “a hundred threads.” Orange-red, rose, garnet, and dark, sky, or greenish blue glow on rural feminine dress. The native woman, her full skirts girdled at the waist by the classic *chumpi*, with decorations drawn from the highland flora and fauna, and her head covered by the traditional *chuco* (reminiscent of the Andalusian mantilla), a tall derby, or a round, flat *montera*, makes a captivating water color. On her back goes her finest adornment: the *llijlla*, a beautiful polychrome shawl that, like the handbags of non-Indian women, contains the necessary articles for the trip.

The man in fiesta dress need not envy the wearers of the best typical costumes of Europe or America. He wears a delightful jacket similar to that worn by Spanish bull-fighters. Then comes the *wara*—trousers cut on wide, elegant lines, recalling the loose ones worn by polo players and U.S. tourists. But they are native, and showily decorated. Finally, a poncho with multicolored fringe slung over the shoulder and across the chest, and a fine wide-brimmed shepherd's hat, made in local factories.

Adorned in all her finery, a woman of Capachica, standing in the bulky balsa on her way to market or homeward bound, can arouse the most profound erotic emotions. And if beside her you place a woman of Chucuito, wearing the dress of a Titicaca Samaritan, you would not know whether to choose one or the other for the queen of your heart, as the local song has it. Both make artistic compositions that would have won the admiration of Raphael, El Greco, or Velázquez.

The cholo costume is a resumé of history, depicting a slow incorporation into the culture and rhythm of Western civilization. Obviously, the mestizo dress of the city is not the same as that of the tiny farm. But they have something in common—a feeling of the rural plateau landscape that surrounds us, gives us footing and light, nourishment and spirit.

There are many in Peru with race prejudices, with fixed, though false, ideas about ancestry and nobility. Here in the Titicaca amphitheater, these concepts do not exist. That showy localism of Cuzco, Arequipa, Trujillo, Cajamarca, or Ayacucho has no place on the tableland.



Graceful balsas are made, sails and all, from reed that grows on the shores of Titicaca

I can say firmly, with no fear of contradiction, that Puno (capital of the altiplano and crucible of southern Peruvian *mestizaje*) is the most liberal and democratic town in Peru.

Here in my ancestral home, all are welcomed and well treated. Our elders assure us that no one has ever thought of saying “Puno for the *puneños*.” Quite the contrary. Let men of good will come here from anywhere in the world! Together we will give to men, to the soil, and to the things of this earth their true value. If there



World's only flock of domesticated vicuñas, bearers of precious fleece, at Calacala Hacienda in Peruvian department of Puno

is a certain amount of *puneñismo*, it expresses the collective desire to see the land prosper and the Indian race freed from the fetters of ignorance, feudalism, and merciless exploitation. This is *puneñismo* in its noblest sense, this common wish to preserve the profound telluric consciousness but at the same time to become incorporated into the rhythm of civilized life. Puno is, then, in painstaking search of its own destiny. In its awakening lies without doubt the best hope of Peru, for it is the most densely populated region of the country (379,000 inhabitants, according to the 1940 census).

Puno produced José Rufino Echenique and Miguel de San Román, two important military leaders of the early



Lampa Province couple in full regalia for El Ayarachi, one of tableland's distinctive dances

days of the republic, who as presidents directed the country with great patriotism and statesmanship. In the once-important town of Vilque, where the fantastic continental fairs of colonial days were held, Juan Bustamante was born. Nicknamed *Mundo Purikuj* (Globetrotter) because of his wandering life, he fought tirelessly within and outside the legislative halls for justice for his brothers the Indians, and wrote books on his experiences in pure, chiseled prose.

In the humble village of Pucará, José Domingo Choquehuanca, author of the famous eulogy of Bolívar (also called the "History of Peru Written in a Hundred Words"), was born. A prophetic speech of still-unequaled literary structure, it could have come only from the hands of a master.

Between about 1925 and 1935, a notable artistic movement flourished in Puno, with particular emphasis on literature. Writers, poets, painters, and musicians set out to create something new. A Puno poetry of unmistakable characteristics, profoundly native in content, developed—old wines served in new glasses of ringing crystal. A popular song originating in the humblest strata memorialized the fact: "*Puno, tierra de artistas y de poetas*" ("Puno, Land of Artists and Poets").

To this movement belong Gamaliel Churata, a noted essayist and great prose writer; Emilio Romero, the leading economist of Peru, university professor, and storyteller in the Maupassant manner; and Mateo Jayka,

gifted narrator of life in the Andean highlands. From it came Alejandro Peralta, author of *Ande* and *El Kollao*; Dante Nava, who wrote *Báquica Febril*; Luis de Rodrigo, author of *Puna*; and Emilio Armaza.

One of the most important Peruvian painters, Enrique Masías, was born in Puno. He died about 1937 in Rio de Janeiro, while taking an exhibit of his works around the American continent. Theodor Valcárcel, Peru's leading musician and best hope in the field of polyphonic music, came from Puno. All his compositions reflect the drama of tableland life. He had not yet reached his peak, but they called him the Peruvian Stravinsky, when he died prematurely at forty, in the midst of work on his projected masterpiece.

José Antonio and Enrique Encinas, one a great educator and the other my country's foremost neurologist, were born in Puno. In political oratory Mariano H. Cornejo has still not been surpassed, and he was also the author of the most serious treatise on sociology that has been written in Latin America, which was used as a text at the Sorbonne in the early years of this century.

With good reason has Puno been called the "land of teachers." Remember that from Puno came the greatest educators of the New World, the founders and builders of Tahuantinsuyo. From here, from the waters of Titicaca, came Manco Capac and Mama Oclo; for there must be something of truth in the legend. In line with this tradition, the town of Juli, ancient seat of the Jesuits, produced Telésforo Catacora, a revolutionary educator and genuine representative of Aymará psychology. And it is in Puno that the best and most serious educational work in present-day Peru is being carried on, the now-famous Nuclear Schools of Titicaca. The early fruits invite the thought that an educational system is being born that can be applied to the entire Andean region. Much of the credit for what has been achieved should go to the *Servicio Cooperativo Peruano-Norteamericano de Educación*.

Would I be exaggerating if I said that this region has not yet been born to civilization? Except for their missionaries, who founded extremely active centers in Juli, the Spanish conquerors could do nothing here. Since the dawn of the republic, European and American travelers and men of science have tried to study Titicaca. The travelers with their descriptions and the scientific commissions with their detailed reports have made Kollao known in the small world of scientists and tourists. Yet we can be sure that if a thousand experts, learned in all the branches of human wisdom, proposed to study Titicaca exhaustively, their searchings would reach deeper and deeper, becoming more and more suggestive.



Twentieth-century transportation on the lake; four steamers connect Puno, Peru, and the Bolivian port of Guaqui

ECUADOR BUILDS ITS WAY BACK

(Continued from page 5)

Many survivors had lapsed into an unhealthy apathy; among others, suspicion and distrust had festered to the point of violence, and a welfare worker had been attacked.

Cornwell and Pollock made their headquarters in Ambato, near the Reconstruction Board, while Ospina moved into one of the rude huts in Pelileo. Little by little, he edged his way into his neighbors' confidence, and they saw that he was one of them. Pointing out that the planners couldn't budge without their help, Ospina explained that if everyone pitched in, together they could make the new Pelileo an example for the world.

Hoping to bolster their spirits, he staged community fiestas, organizing puppet shows for the children, dances for the adults. Next he instigated a novel calendar of events: the programs of *domingo alegre*, or happy Sunday, featured singing, dancing, and sports; Wednesday evenings were devoted to workers' education; on Fridays there were cultural attractions—band concerts, exhibits of the work of native artists, and so on. He started a modest weekly newspaper, *Comunidad*, giving readers through photographs and news stories day-by-day progress reports on the reconstruction, and explaining the goals in detail. All hands were needed to build, so he set up classes for apprentice building-trades mechanics to teach the small tradesmen, the tailors, the weavers, the cobblers, how to participate in the reconstruction. A system of aided self-help-in home building was tried, but Ospina found that after the long hiatus of unemployment, the people preferred to work for wages rather than donate work time to their own house. But he persuaded them to build an open-air theater after hours. Three neighboring municipal bands and eventually a symphony orchestra imported from Quito supplemented the local talent. Always, Ospina hammered away at the concepts of cooperation, participation, and the community as a basic unit of Ecuadorean life.

Meantime, the Reconstruction Board was having its own troubles. Weary of the criticism hurled by an impatient populace, several members resigned, and it was difficult to find qualified replacements who were public-spirited enough to take the blame for every delay or mistake, however trivial. Then President Plaza appointed himself a member and was promptly elected chairman. Under his guidance, the board was reorganized and divided into subcommittees, to wrestle with such problems as budget, transportation and supplies, building priorities, and so on. When the President was unable to be present, the executive work was handled by the board's capable vice-chairman, Dr. Francisco Sevilla, a hard-working young lawyer. With the mission's help, the technical offices of the Board were streamlined.

Two or three times a month President Plaza would drive the eighty cobblestone miles south of Quito to the board meetings. An Ecuadorean who once accompanied him recalls this grueling schedule with a shudder. They set out in a station wagon shortly after noon, with the President at the wheel. Three hours afterward, they



Emergency water supply for Pelileo. Public-health measures of joint U.S.-Ecuadorean Servicio Cooperativo averted epidemics



Makeshift church fills in for colonial structure whose towers once dominated Pelileo



Art exhibit is one of morale-building community activities started by PAU technical mission's Gabriel Ospina Restrepo



Grade school in Pelileo is named for Argentine educator Domingo Sarmiento

were touring the stricken area, talking to the survivors. Next came the board meeting, which lasted until the early morning hours. On the return trip, the President grew sleepy, so he turned the wheel over to the chauffeur (who had been enjoying the ride as a passenger) and spread his huge bulk over the back seat to rest. Next morning at nine o'clock, he was at his desk again.

The Reconstruction Board began to hire large numbers of workers, and the weekly pay checks helped boost morale. They received the prevailing wages, low by U.S. standards: an unskilled laborer earned the equivalent of about forty cents a day, a skilled carpenter more than twice that much.

The mission introduced such simplified construction methods as pouring concrete foundations into trenches dug in the soil instead of the usual wooden forms above ground; new methods of tying wooden columnar forms with wires instead of the time-wasting bracing with eucalyptus poles; and improvements in mixing concrete to lessen costs and strengthen the mixture. During his two-month stay, Colonel Font taught the young Ecuadorean civil engineers the techniques of mass housing construction through field demonstrations and an in-service training program.

Sometimes more than technical ability was needed to fill in the gaps. When a concrete mixer was not to be found anywhere, Cornwell designed one out of a discarded oil drum at a total cost of fifteen dollars. On a week-end trip to Guayaquil, Colonel Font found a huge earth-moving machine abandoned by the roadside because of a broken part. A bit of patching made it usable, and it was pressed into service. The motorized equipment made a big hit with local "sidewalk superintendents."

By June, the first model houses were up. They were smaller than the people had expected, but so were the prices. Construction costs were about twenty per cent lower than comparable costs in private and semi-private building projects in other parts of Ecuador.

After experimenting with ten types of low-cost housing tailored to the people's needs, the housing experts settled on four basic styles, simple in design, earthquake-resistant, easy to keep clean, inexpensive to maintain. Ranging in price from \$630 to \$1400 each, all were designed by Ecuadoreans.

The cheapest basic house has two bedrooms; a kitchen with running water and built-in stove; a bathroom with a flush toilet, wash basin, and shower; and a covered hall-porch three feet wide and fifteen feet long. The most popular type (also the most expensive) includes a *taller*, or workshop, with a separate entrance, to be used as a small grocery store or shoe-repair shop, for wool dyeing and carding, and the like. Early in the program six one-story duplexes were built, but in a section where people are tied to the land and insist on separate dwellings on their own plots of ground, the duplexes proved unpopular and were discontinued.

The government provides free land, and no interest is charged on the loans that finance the homes. Monthly payments on the minimum house run about \$2.60 per

month over a twenty-year period, about fifteen per cent of the buyer's monthly income.

Structurally, the dwellings are of reinforced concrete frame with nine columns tied top and bottom with double reinforced concrete belts, allowing the whole house to rock together during earth tremors. The roof is a flat reinforced concrete slab, admittedly a too-costly feature. Another handicap in the housing program is a shortage of readily available building materials; virtually the only wood is eucalyptus; cement must be hauled up from coastal Guayaquil; such things as iron and glass must be imported.

Colonel Font's mass-production methods stepped up the building rate to two houses a day, a remarkable rate in any country. Once the housing was under way, the mission concentrated on public buildings to keep pace with the private homes. Schools, hospitals, churches, city halls, public laundries, and electric plants neared completion in twenty towns. The same floor plans were used over and over, but flexibility of design allowed variation of the exterior. Besides saving months of time and thousands of dollars, this carried the added advantage of permitting work to proceed simultaneously in different towns, thus avoiding the charge of favoritism.

When the mission departed, a third of Pelileo had been restored. Nearly two hundred houses were up, as well as two new six-room grade schools, an infirmary, and a maternity center. Another two months' work remained on the high school and general hospital. A new city hall and trade school were under construction. Streets and curbs had been installed and the market square and sports stadium were in use.

In addition to gathering economic and construction data for the Export-Import Bank in connection with a proposed eight-hundred-thousand-dollar housing loan to Ecuador, the PAU mission, working with the Ecuadoreans, designed and started on its way a housing development in the coastal town of Esmeraldas. Finally, with President Plaza's help, it laid the groundwork for a national housing agency in Ecuador, to start with low-rent programs in the metropolitan centers of Guayaquil and Quito.

The mission's work is completed, but the long-term job is by no means finished. Moving a community from its traditional site to a new one has always been a major problem in town planning. Psychologically, it is a question of re-educating the people to accept a change of environment. In the case of Pelileo, the new site was well selected for earthquake protection, but providing an adequate water supply and redistributing the land parcels are some of the obstacles that must still be hurdled.

The country will continue to rebuild for years to come. And there will undoubtedly be more earthquakes. But Ecuador is getting ready for them. Other nations of Latin America, where recurring floods, hurricanes, earthquakes, and additional natural disasters take an enormous toll of life and property, should note well this country's systematic, long-range plans for a better, safer future.



LOS ANDES

IN THE BIMONTHLY *El Farol*, published in Caracas by the Creole Petroleum Corporation, Arturo Uslar Pietri writes of the Andes that tower over his native Venezuela:

"The most thickly populated and longest inhabited Venezuela is a land of mountains, sierras, and valleys. The long interrupted barrier running parallel to the sea has been the principal seat of its people, its labors, and its history. More than two thirds of the Venezuelans of all times were born and lived in the spine of the mountains, or in the valleys that open in their midst. . . .

"[The Andes] are certainly the highest, most impressive, most spectacular of our cordilleras. They are a branch of the immense and astonishing chain of snowy mountains and volcanoes that runs like a great reptile the length of the Pacific coast of South America. A vast, rocky, green-and-white steel wall, rising into subtle and transparent air, inaccessible and closed, populated by ancient birds and taciturn races of men. Remote theological empires, stone cities on mounds, sun idols, llamas and vicuñas with a feminine sway, languages hardened in the high paramo. Quechuas and Aymarás whose eyes, hands, and voices have not changed since the days of Manco Capac. . . . For the Inca Garcilaso de la Vega, who lived obsessed by it, it was 'that inaccessible cordillera of snow, never trodden by men, nor by animals, nor by birds, that runs from Santa Marta to the Strait of Magellan, that the Indians call Ritisuyu, which is band of snow.'

"All this ancient prestige of the great cordillera enriches the Venezuelan Andes. In the Guayana system, Venezuela has strange inaccessible ranges of capricious form surrounded by mystery, but they are not illuminated by the halo of history and legend the Andes wear. Yet the Venezuelan Andes differ noticeably from more typical regions of the storied and symbolic cordillera.

"For example, the Venezuelan Andes have been open and accessible. People from the coast and the plains came without difficulty to the whistling, fog-bound incline. They came to mix and establish themselves. From the plains of Barinas, up the steep pathways through the clefts, the caravans of the merchants and the masses coming from the wars on the plains ascended to the snowy heights. Along the paths of the San Camilo jungle, flocks of livestock and the songs and music of the *llaneros* went to the green slopes of San Cristóbal and La Grita; along the hot shores of Lake Maracaibo came men with the speech of the port and things from overseas. The network of roads was traveled on muleback. In the inns, redolent of stable gear and tallow, the merchants kept accounts of their cargoes.

"Out of all this uproar was born the mestizo with the quiet eye, the slow speech, and the *ruana*, who came to be the settler of those high fields. The history of his mixed blood lives in his speech, his customs, his dress. From the Indian he received his hereditary crops: potatoes, yuca, the white-fleshed tuber ripened in the damp earth. Later came the Spaniards' grains: the wheat waving in the wind, peas, the cereals

cultivated on the small pieces of land owned by a farmer and his sons; and much later coffee, which produced the great plantations and the rich landholders of the towns.

"Milk cows, working oxen, and woolly sheep are his animals. And the mountain horse or the sure-footed mule. Not animals that man lives on, but rather that help him to live off the land. As heir of the blood and the lands of the agriculturally most advanced Indians of the pre-Columbian nation, his task has always been farming. The Indians were sedentary people who cultivated on artificial terraces. Small farming dispersed them in isolated houses or tiny villages. Only occasionally, for supplies or to sell their crop, they went down to the white towns agitated by flowers, fireworks, and bells. . . .

"The Andean people's speech is calm and precise. For each thing they have a name that is often an old word sleeping in history. Some consonants acquire a strong final resonance. . . . A guttural aspiration that must come from the forgotten Indian, and a resounding *n* like a drum that recalls the oldest Castilian voices echoing in the heights.

"Hand in hand with the pure and resonant voice goes old-fashioned courtesy. They use '*señor*,' '*usted*,' and '*don*.' The man with red cheeks, drooping mustache, and slanting eyes, who appears in his *ruana* at the door of the solitary white house where the wheat is stored, is 'Don Angel.' The son says to the father '*señor*' and '*usted*—the way children address their fathers in the oldest romances. The '*tú*' form comes up from the coast and the plains.

"Following the trans-Andean highway, ascending from Trujillo to Mérida and past Táchira and descending to the hot lowlands of San Antonio and Ureña, provides a splendid view of the extraordinary variety of the Venezuelan Andes. The hills of Trujillo are like those of the coast. From Valera onward the road clings to a changed mountain profile.

"After Valera you see repeated again and again in rich variety the plateau city peeping from the edge of the ravine. . . . The flower-filled plaza, the street with round blue stones, and the white walls with windows of every color might belong to Tovar, Timotes, or Palmira. Except that from Mérida and Bailadores you see the mountain erect, opposite and unapproachable; and from Los Capachos or Pampán you see it tamed and low like the back of an affectionate beast.

"Most of the farms are small. Short stretches of sloping land, enclosed by a stone wall. At the hour when the hens go to roost, leaving the twilight in silence, the white houses, with dark thatched roofs, are enveloped in fog. In the morning the oxen's breath comes out in puffs of steam. The threshing is a small stone-paved ring where horses turn crushing the wheat.

"From cane to wheat, from wheat to *frailejón* [a cactuslike yellow-flowered mountain plant]—these are the levels through which the road climbs and drops in its zigzag across the sleeping slopes. At the cane level there are huge trees and swollen rivers, and the green of the vegetation is plentiful and dark. At the wheat level the trees become sparse, the green is more delicate, oxen and men stand out prominently against the countryside, and the rocky creeks foam and leap noisily. At the level of the *frailejón*, with its thick velvet fingers, there is only the solitude of the paramo, stones polished by the wind, and lakes frosted and quiet like blind eyes. . . .

"It is violin or guitar music that is heard at an Andean fiesta, music of the *tiple* or mandolin. Music that came with the guitars from Spain and the Mediterranean and that with the journey and time lost some of its pace and much of its cheerfulness. The drum, brought to the hot land by the Negro, with the rhythmic and beating

sound that can keep going for hours, did not reach the Andes, but, like the *tú* and war, belongs to the lowlands. They come from the lake, the coast, and the plains.

"War does not pause in the cordillera, but passes through fleetingly or strikes at its flanks. . . . Thus one day the battered soldiers coming in defeat from Santa Inés ascend to Mérida, but Zamora stops in the counterforts of Barinas, for he knows the war is down below. . . . During the federal war the cordillera became a refuge. From the devastated plains came caravans of fugitive families abandoning the great houses of the old tobacco and stockraising cities. It is as if the cordillera were bounded on the south by war and on the north by oil. Because of the war on the plain and the oil in the lake, people come and go, leaving their traces and bringing their vices, but neither for one nor for the other is there a place in the cordillera. . . .

"Mother of rivers, spinner of fog, guardian of pure snows, the cordillera has a being of its own. . . . Without it neither the Venezuelan landscape nor the Venezuelan character would have its complex and contrasting richness and profundity.

"The Andes," says the man of Arichuna or Mariguítar, and feels that he is naming proudly a great stone

creature that belongs to him and whose remotest roots are sunk in the depths of the land he cultivates. Just as when the man of Mucuchíes or Pregonero names the Orinoco, which he has not seen, and feels pride in the great water creature that belongs to him, woven with many threads of the rain dripping from the roofs of his high village.

"In the Orinoco ends the Venezuela that is almost sea. In the Andes ends the Venezuela that is almost cloud."

ODYSSEY IN DUBLIN

IN THE BRAZILIAN literary monthly *Jornal de Letras*, A. C. Callado, an editor of the daily *Correio da Manhã* who spent several years working for the BBC in London, reports on a pilgrimage he made across the Irish Sea:

"The 260,430 words in James Joyce's *Ulysses* are the 260,430 stones with which that fantastic worker rebuilt Dublin in his book. With the clarity of a hallucination, the Dublin of June 16, 1904, lives forever in *Ulysses*, with all its noises, its smells, its dens, its squares, and its Liffey River. . . . His whole output consists in the unceasing labor of giving life and immortality to Dublin. With a desperate love, blended with nausea and repugnance, he left his native town only to become saturated with it. An astonishingly elastic umbilical cord held him forever to the Liffey embankment, whether he was in Rome, Turin, Paris, or Zurich. . . .

"One wonders whether it is worth while to be a genius like Joyce. William James divided geniuses into two categories: those with sick and those with healthy souls. We can safely conclude that it is worth while to belong to the latter category, for those geniuses not only enjoy life to the fullest, but also constitute traffic arrows pointing toward the superman. It is consoling to think of geniuses like Goethe, who was cheerfully in love with life; who at the age of seventy-four fell for an eighteen-year-old German girl. In truth, though, the sick-souled genius is so much more common that one wonders whether the healthy-souled one should not be considered a monster.

"A visit to Joyce's 'ungrateful fatherland' fills one with surprise, for

Freyre en París

Au Porte de Saint Antoine



Excelsior (Mexico City) cartoonist Freyre, on vacation in Paris, imagines Health Minister Gamboa at the Flea Market

the writer who did so much for his country is neglected within its boundaries. It is an explorer's task to trace the steps of Stephen Dedalus and Leopold Bloom through the city. When a journalist tries to inquire briefly into Joyce's life in Dublin, he meets with vague answers. It is as if one were trying to revive Troy by inquiring about Hector and were asked by a couple of Trojans: 'What's his last name?' Perhaps I was at fault, at that. After all, the city was there before Joyce, and after Joyce's departure it is still there. Besides, Irishmen are the most patriotic fellows in the world, and . . . they'd much rather answer my questions about Ireland's Celtic ancestry. . . . But the contemporary myth has irresistible splendor. Almost automatically one goes out to look for the 'fabulous artificer,' the new Dublin Dedalus, the artist who brought naturalism and symbolism together in a violent, carnal synthesis in order to prove that on a very ordinary day indeed in the life of 'dear, dirty Dublin,' the story of the Greek *Odyssey* can happen again. . . .

"The clerk in Dublin's National Library had a profoundly official opinion:

"'*Ulysses*, please,' I said.

"'Do you mean Joyce's book?'

"'Yes.'

"'It's forbidden here in Eire. It is an indecent book.' Putting on an important air, he continued: 'I've read it twice myself, but it is indecent. The author was quite a good writer, of course. Can't deny that. But he wanted to shock people, you see. I know quite a number of people who knew him personally. Joyce liked to talk about indecent things just for the effect. We have his other works here, if you're interested. I doubt that *Ulysses* will ever find its way into our library.'

"'Nevertheless, the book seems to have met with some success.'

"'Oh, yes, yes indeed. On the Continent, you know, and in England, and in the United States. But here in Eire moral principles count tremendously.'

"They do. In order to get the information I wanted, I had to read Herbert Gorman's *James Joyce*, Gorman being the American who was Joyce's official biographer and close friend. In any case, despite Gorman's

credentials and his friendship for the author, a little demon keeps whispering to me that Joyce was referring to Gorman when he wrote in *Finnegans Wake*, in that expressive, telescoped, twisted language: ' . . . his biografiend, in fact, kills him very-son, if not yet, after.' It was, then, in that well-intentioned 'biogracide' that I found what I wanted. The National Library—the stage where the Scylla-and-Charybdis episode took place, and where, in *Ulysses*, Stephen (Telemachus) and Bloom (Ulysses) almost met—thinks it outrageous to suppose that such a book could ever be found on its



Woodcut of Andrés Bello by Durbán illustrates article on famed nineteenth-century grammarian and educator in *Cultura Universitaria*, published by Central University of Venezuela

shelves! When it was published, the old odor of an *auto-da-fé* was wafted around the British Customs at Folkestone and the U.S. Customs in New York: *Ulysses* was being burned on the pyres of purification. It was a pornographic book. But after that brilliant court decision in the United States, the absurdity of the situation became clear and the book was published. The pornography seekers were disappointed. *Ulysses* was so baffling, it was so much trouble to pick out a tiny bit of spice in it! So much concentration was required before one could enjoy an oasis of dirt! That is what eventually acquitted *Ulysses*. But its bitter journey has not come to an end yet, as the Dublin episode shows. His island home still bars him from

the safety of a harbor, his last. Penelope still has fun with her suitors.

"Number 7 Eccles Street, in the heart of Dublin, still stands. At its door were two working-class women surrounded by barefoot children. I asked them if I might photograph the front of the house where Joyce had Leopold Bloom living. Then, feeling tempted to go in, I said to one of the women, 'I'd like to see the inside of the house, if it isn't too much trouble. I had a friend who used to live here a long time ago, a Mr. Bloom.'

"'Of course, sir, come in,' she said charmingly, like all Irishwomen.

"While its outside is in fairly good shape, inside Ithaca is a mess. Dampness oozed from the walls, and the vague odor of poverty was everywhere. 'When my friend Bloom used to live here, there was a backyard.'

"That's right. But a couple of years ago the lot was split up and sold. Everything is all built up, now.'

"But the back stairs lead to a small oblong backyard, where, on your left, a little hut of plaster and shingles stands. It would have been rather awkward to ask the present occupant, Molly Bloom's successor, what that hut was now; even harder to ask what it was in 1904. It was probably the outhouse where Bloom began, on the morning of June sixteenth of that year, the stream of thoughts that was to continue throughout his entire *odyssey*. I took a snapshot.

"Then I boarded a bus, past Eve and Adam's Church, toward the village of Chapelizod on the Liffey. The bus travels along the river that was to Joyce a symbol of womanhood, of all that is elemental and profound in the female—the river that for any student of Joyce is Anna Liffey, Anna Livia, Anna Livia Plusquebelle, Anna Livia Plurabelle.

"Before going on to Chapelizod, however, I visited the tourist agency on O'Connell Street. Chapelizod is closely linked in *Finnegans Wake* to Joyce's obsession with the Isolde legend in its Irish ramifications. The agency man told me he did not know about this offhand; he'd look it up. Then he brought back a neatly typed report on a sheet of paper, and began to read it aloud: 'According to Joyce—'

"James Joyce?"

"Let me see—No. P. W. Joyce. The title of the book is *Irish Names of Places*. In Volume Two, page two hundred, Joyce says this about Chapelizod: 'The chapel of Izod or Isolde, a lady who played a prominent role in Gaelic and Irish legend.' Page thirty-two of Murray's *Ireland Guide* says that it is believed Chapelizod may have derived its name from Beautiful Isoud, the daughter of Angus, King of Ireland, a monarch who owned a chapel there. Better known as Isolde, her history is told by Tennyson and Matthew Arnold, besides being the subject of an opera by Wagner."

"That was all the agency knew. But as soon as I got off at Chapelizod I saw that the traditional, local memory was clearer: even Chapelizod's filling station was called Isolde."

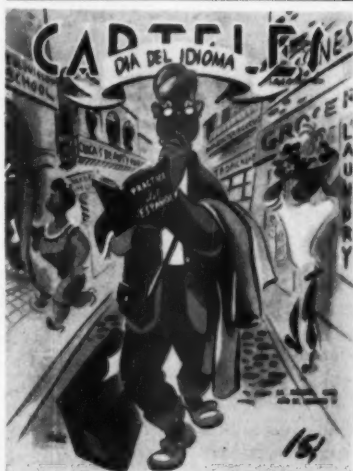
"It would be worth while to go as far as Dalkey, a half-hour streetcar ride from Dublin, for not only did Joyce spend part of his adolescence there, but Bernard Shaw also grew up in the same place—which would have been approximately at the time of King Angus and his beautiful daughter Izod. At Dalkey you can walk along circular Vico Road (Vico was also the name of the man who wrote *Scienza Nuova*, a coincidence that Joyce made full use of), and see Sandycove's Martello Tower straddling the sea. These towers called Martello are spread all along the coast of the British Isles, built at the time Napoleonic invasion was feared. It was in the Martello Tower of Sandycove that Joyce placed the first scenes of *Ulysses*, and Buck Mulligan consecrated a shaving-soap bowl."

"If you admired Joyce fervently enough to produce some sort of heat, you could have taken a swim on the September morning I was there at the exact spot where that bath in Chapter One was taken. Nowadays there are all kinds of facilities to enable you to take full advantage of the beach. There is a sign, though, announcing that 'after nine o'clock bathing suits must be worn.' The tower is now in the garden of a house. I asked the old lady who owned it to let me visit the inside of the fort. She eyed me suspiciously. 'D'you want to buy the tower?'"

"No, not at all. But tell me: do you get any propositions? Is there—uh—is there anything special about this particular tower?"

"No, not this one. But everyone likes to have a tower as part of his property, don't you think?"

"Surrounded by a gigantic, solid, final, gray wall, the Glasnevin Graveyard reminds one unmistakably of any Catholic cemetery in the world, and specifically it reminded me of St. John the Baptist's in Rio. I had gathered that Glasnevin was the only place I'd be able to find something about James Joyce. Not his bones—so far as I



How is a tourist to learn Spanish in Havana, wonders weekly Carteles, in cover honoring Day of the Language

know, they have not yet been sent to his ungrateful land—but those of his parents. One of the gravediggers sank his shovel into the freshly dug earth and came toward me, hat in hand. 'Are you looking for—someone?'"

"Yes, but my information isn't very precise. The name is Joyce."

"The one who was hanged in London?"

"Hanged? Oh, no, not Lord Haw-Haw. Not William Joyce."

"I racked my memory trying to remember the name of James Joyce's drinking, tenor-singing old father. 'The name is John Stanislaus Joyce,' I said triumphantly, at length."

"The digger scratched his red hair. 'That'd be a little awkward unless you happen to know the number. I tell you, let's go to the office, down at the

entrance there.'"

"When we got there I realized I wasn't even absolutely sure of John Stanislaus Joyce's death. Better ask for the mother's tomb. But what was that full name again? I couldn't think of anything but 'May Joyce' and the fact that on June 16, 1904, her son was still in mourning. At the office they might be able to tell me something."

"May Joyce?" repeated the man in charge of numbers. "Now, 'May' is a surname. What would be her given name? Margaret? Mary?"

"I think it was Mary. She was James Joyce's mother—the writer, you know."

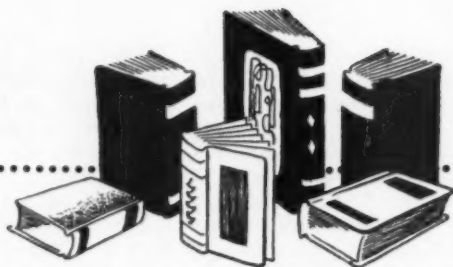
"Who—uh—took care of things?"

"Things? Oh, you mean the funeral? It must have been John Stanislaus Joyce."

"Dirty-nailed fingers ran deftly through the funeral records that smelled of dust and old leather. The part about 'taking care of things' was right. The correct name of the deceased was Mary Jane, and she had passed away in August 1903. With the number of the grave in my hand, I went back to my red-headed friend and, when we found the tomb, I saw that somebody had 'taken care of things' for John Stanislaus Joyce as well. Old Joyce had died in 1931, ten years before his son. The couple was reunited there. The names had an elemental, pathetic simplicity: John and Mary. I wonder if one will ever know how it happened that the marriage of a certain John, from the city of Cork, and a certain Mary, from Dublin, resulted in the birth of a human being destined to put forth worlds like *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake*...."

"Let us suppose that we knew how to fashion geniuses out of the merging of certain Johns and certain Marys. Would we have the right to do it despite the impossibility of previously consulting the genius to be conceived and brought to life? Would we dare do it knowing that his entire life would be the anguished repetition of that apocalyptic week in *Finnegans Wake*—'All moanday, tearsday, wailsday, thumpsday, frightday, shatterday till the fear of the Law'. . . Would we dare?"

BOOKS



FROM HONDURAN FOLKLORE

THREE DIFFERENT AUTHORS have recently enriched the literature of Honduran folklore: Arturo Oqueli with his *El Brujo de Talgua* (The Sorcerer of Talgua); Pompilio Ortega with *Patrios Lares*, a collection of legends and traditions; and Paca Navas Miralda with *Barro* (Clay). The first and last are labeled as novels.

El Brujo de Talgua is a story that treats the environment of Honduras' common people in a smooth style, rich in folkloric elements. It follows the author's *El Gringo Lenca* (The Lenca Indian Gringo) and *Lo que dijo don Fausto* (memories of the poet Juan Ramón Molina).

In Honduras there are still sorcerers, just as in prehistoric times when the Mayas gathered knowledge useful to man. That wisdom is preserved by the *shoshoni*, the priest who is in charge of the slow fire, an underground flame that reappears when some initiate rubs a talisman. The priest consults herbs and the wind and watches over the latent flame. The laboratory of the sorcerer of Talgua, a town in western Honduras, is equipped with the feathers of wise birds and quills for writing. He is a traveling sorcerer, who does not advertise the secrets of his trade and never loses his way on the trails that branch off from the Royal Road. Above all, he has a faithful memory and much charm as a storyteller. The sorcerer's confidant is the author of this tale, and he has recorded it in an attractive style, calling things by their names and tinting the reality he pictures with the simple tones of earth and plants. At times the writing is weakened by the presence of mistakes common in popular speech, and by poor grammar. And since many local Honduran expressions are employed, it would have been helpful to include a glossary to explain them. In this vocabulary is the same world of words and idioms that two other contemporary authors, Pompilio Ortega and Samuel Díaz Zelaya, have also made use of. The book offers varied material from the pharmacopoeia of native cooking and customs, and includes maliciously ironic anecdotes, with abundant allusions to the country's flora and fauna.

Outstanding among the tales making up this narrative is one about the serpent dance and the spur dance. One remark is notable: "I scorn New York's millions for the pennies of my happiness." And for those who go around hunting for buried treasure, here is a clue: "According to tradition, when the conquistadors arrived at Copán, a rich Indian chief, fearing the white man, loaded a thousand Indians with his treasure and shut

himself up in the famous cave [of Pencaligüe]." This book presents an unpublicized side of Honduras, a side that is submerged in the country's motionless past. In the blue-sky background of the story glows the light of the tropics, and the historical atmosphere is permeated with a penetrating aroma of legend.

Our second book, *Patrios Lares*, by Pompilio Ortega, bears a title with a different meaning than in Latin, in which *lares* refers to the Roman household gods. In this case it stands for something like the breezes, the plot of land, what is loved in memory. The author is familiar with Honduran geography, the people, flora, and landscapes, for he is an inveterate hiker and a lover of botany and conversation. In this volume he has brought together legends, traditions, advice, stories about popular characters, and some peculiar phenomena of Honduran territory (the rain of fish, the Fountain of Blood, the floating island). Although it offers abundant firsthand data for the folklorist, this is not fundamentally a book of folklore, but, rather, an agreeable combination of historically documented events and anecdotes relived in the warmth of memory.

In the first part of the book Ortega reproduces information to be found in the *Popol Vuh* (including the legend of the first man), in the chronicle of Francisco Vázquez (concerning the Comayagua cross), and in José Milla's *Historia de la América Central* (about the first men to come from across the sea). He takes on the role of folklorist to recreate verses that have been fading away in the people's memory—those written in the manner of a Mexican *corrido* by General Delgado on the eve of his execution, recording the failure of his attempted revolution in 1836; the *bombas* improvised by León Alvarado; the tamale vendor's cry; the verses referring to General Guardiola, another leading figure in the civil wars of the nineteenth century and once president of the republic. In one piece Ortega identifies the *Come Lenguas* (Tongue Eater) as a vampire bat instead of the diabolical monster that until recently the rural people believed it to be.

Each item is brief; some are merely passing references. All stir with emotion, with the joy of telling a story, of revealing what the memory refuses to keep to itself. The author is a school teacher and he loves to listen to the tales of travelers on the mountain slopes and river banks of the Honduras that could be synthetically represented in the heraldry of America by a gold mine surrounded by eternally green pine trees.

The third work, *Barro*, by Paca Navas Miralda, might well have been called "*Estos arenales del diablo*" ("These

Sands of the Devil"), a phrase that occurs in the book. For the stories it tells, capturing the intense color in the life of the rural white population in Honduras, refer to one of the tropical regions where the one-crop (banana) cultivation has given the country a special set of economic conditions. Through these pages parade a multitude of things: alcoholism, malaria, tuberculosis, smuggling, gambling, unscrupulous trading, bribery. The story reveals the hallucination of men who deserted the interior of Honduras—where the land is an abandoned mother—believing that wealth lay on the coast, where the green gold abounded.

This is not, properly speaking, a novel, for while the language and the characters, and above all the landscape, are alive, a universal problem is lacking. Only those acquainted with Honduras can appreciate the deliciously local savor of these pages, full of provincialisms, many of them without explanatory notes.

The protagonist, Venancio Rosales, seduced by the lure of banana wealth, is harshly buffeted by a personal drama—the love affairs of his daughter—which gives Miss Navas a chance to record brilliant observations of a region with its own style of living and idiosyncrasies. The gold of folklore shines through the popular speech. (Santamaría, Malaret, and Benvenuto Murrístia will be

pleased to find another mine of Americanisms.) In some passages, the narration is neat and pleasing. Cowardly murders, superstitions, information on medicinal plants, serpents, fishing, sugar milling, the dances of the Caribs in Trujillo in the old days, an attempted strike of the workers—all appear in the story. Sometimes the author changes tenses tempestuously or ignores an anachronism that could have been avoided by not introducing historical references (such as speaking of "the recently established port of La Ceiba" in the wrong period). On the other hand, she has added vitality to certain gay love scenes by cleverly placing verses in the mouths of her characters.

The banana, like petroleum, gold, silver, tin, or nitrates in other countries, has enriched foreign firms, but human misery has remained with us everywhere. —Rafael Heliodoro Valle

EL BRUJO DE TALGUA, by Arturo Oqueli. Tegucigalpa, Honduras, Imprenta Calderón, 1950. 183 p. Lempiras 3.00 (approximately \$1.50)

PATRIOS LARES, by Pompilio Ortega, second enlarged edition. Tegucigalpa, 1951. 196 p. Illus.

BARRO, by Paca Navas Miralda. Guatemala City, Ministry of Public Education, 1951. 277 p.

EL COMELENQUAS



Verá que una sombra más negra que la noche...

As Honduran farmers pictured vampire bat. Illustration from Patrios Lares

PIONEERS IN BRAZIL

TWO SAGAS OF PIONEERING in Brazil have just been published—one narrating Joan Lowell's very recent experiences, the other a new edition of Lieutenant William Herndon's account of his exploration of the Amazon a hundred years ago. Let us look first at the twentieth-century adventure.

That a sophisticated, successful U.S. career girl, used to "soft living in a New York apartment with everything of material comfort . . . even a Graustarkian doorman to close and open doors," should exchange that life for the primitive (with a capital P) life of the tangled Brazilian jungle hardly seems credible. But apparently it can be done—for love, that is. At any rate, Joan Lowell did it seventeen years ago and lived happily ever after.

The story of how Joan did it is told in her new book, *Promised Land*. It tells how she met Captain Bowen, who put her on probation to see if she could take the pioneering; how, after proving she could, by living alone on the Brazilian coast at Latitude 25, she married him and they set out together, accompanied by a few hounds and turkeys, to build a road into the interior of Goiaz; how they nearly failed several times but finally succeeded, in spite of overwhelming handicaps.

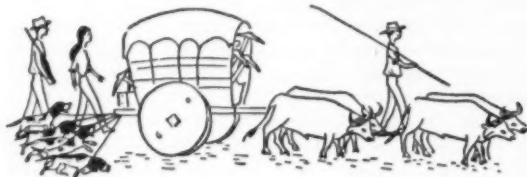
It seems that Joan Lowell has been accused of possessing too lively an imagination. At least those are the echoes reaching us from the controversy caused by her first book, *The Cradle of the Deep*, published in 1929. According to one report, that tale of life on board ship was full of inaccuracies, and one outraged seaman even took it upon himself to prove that, contrary to Miss Lowell's assertion, you can't spit to windward in a full gale. Whether or not Miss Lowell has allowed her

imagination to play a few tricks in *Promised Land* is debatable. But she did go pioneering and she lives now on a large coffee plantation in Goiaz to prove it.

Any preconceived notion that this is just another of those fantastic stories told by someone who, in a fit of boredom, condescendingly decides to rough it and mingle with the natives, is soon dispelled. Very early in the book the author reveals her warm sympathy and affection for the Brazilian country people. In fact, it is more than an adventure tale, because it tells a lot about the life and feelings of these hinterland people; the wisdom and simplicity of their aspirations; their ingenuity and their blind faith in Providence. (Even the more sophisticated Brazilians claim that "God is a Brazilian and related to me.") The author accepts their ways with touching humility and does them more justice than many city-bred Brazilians who have seen very little of their country outside the super-civilized seaboard cities.

Miss Lowell calls her book primarily a love story without love scenes. And so it is, a very tender one. But she manages to avoid syrupiness with her delightful sense of humor.

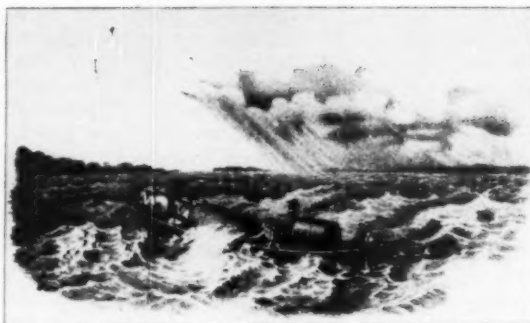
Of course *Promised Land* has its flaws. For instance, one might assume that, after seventeen years in Brazil, Miss Lowell's Portuguese spelling and grammar would be better; or wish that she wouldn't use pidgin English



Drawing from *Promised Land*

to convey the uncultivated speech of the frontiersman (although she doesn't persist in this throughout). But these are minor details. Also, to one born and bred in São Paulo it is a surprise to find out that "This beautiful custom of crowning a house or skyscraper the day the roof is to be put on is used all over Brazil." Perhaps they don't in São Paulo because they can't keep up with their skyscrapers. Or, as one's *mineiro* friends would put it, because it's done only in Brazil (São Paulo, like Texas, is practically another country). But what does it matter if Miss Lowell indulged in an overdose of imagination in this instance and perhaps in that story of her "killer friends" who offered to kill for her free of charge? The book, amusingly illustrated by Barbara Corrigan, is still charming, written in a pleasant style, and full of human interest. And it paints a much warmer picture of Brazil than the usual touristy travelogue.

Now let us look at the older story. Except for malaria control, life in the Amazon valley has probably changed very little since Lieutenant William Lewis Herndon and Midshipman Lardner Gibbon of the U.S. Navy set out to explore it in 1851. Their respective accounts of the



Crossing the Madeira River. From Herndon's book

hazardous trip undertaken on orders of the Navy Department were published in two volumes in 1854, as *Exploration of the Valley of the Amazon* and became classics in the field. Starting out from Lima, Peru, Gibbon and Herndon went different ways on the other side of the Andes, in order to cover the ground more thoroughly. Actually, the *Exploration of the Valley of the Amazon*—whose first volume, by Herndon, has just been reissued in a version edited by Hamilton Basso—was a government report submitted to Congress in 1853. And that is precisely why it is so remarkable in these days of "officialese." Herndon, a hundred years ago, wrote an account that is still quite readable, for it doesn't limit itself to stating dry facts but comments with humor and sensitiveness on the people he encountered and their way of life. It shows that Herndon was even something of a psychologist in his treatment of subordinates.

As befitted a man entrusted with such a mission, Herndon learned, on his long journey from Lima to the mouth of the Amazon, to take things for granted. He put up with all the hardships philosophically, remarking at one point that "long before I got out of the Amazon I was effectually cured of fastidiousness." He accepted things so matter of factly that he was blissfully unaware of the effects of *coca* on the Indians.

According to Mr. Basso, the Herndon and Gibbon expedition was motivated by the interest of the United States in seeing the Amazon opened to international trade. For Herndon's brother-in-law, Matthew Fontaine Maury, at one time head of the U.S. Naval Observatory, wrote extensively on the subject, apparently basing his statements on Herndon's report, and even thought of a plan by which the South could sell its slaves to the Amazon before prohibiting slavery by law (both Herndon and Maury were Virginians). This never came about, of course, but, on the other hand, Maury's writings were widely read and were probably one of the factors that influenced many Southerners to seek Brazil as a new home after the Civil War.

As Mr. Basso points out in his introduction, the influence of Herndon's book was considerable, and Mark Twain himself was ready to follow in his footsteps. Mr. Basso has stripped the new edition of the "lists, timetables, boiling points, meteorological observations

and other impedimenta that, while necessary at the time, got in the way of its narrative flow." It's certainly too bad that government reports should have lost so much in freshness of style in the last hundred years.—*Benedicta Quirino dos Saptos*

PROMISED LAND, by Joan Lowell. New York, Duell, Sloan and Pearce; Boston, Little, Brown and Company, 1952. 215 p. Illus. \$3.50

EXPLORATION OF THE VALLEY OF THE AMAZON, by William Lewis Herndon. Edited and with an introduction by Hamilton Basso. New York, McGraw-Hill Book Co., Inc., 1952. 201 p. Illus. \$3.75



IN OUR LIBRARY

ON APRIL 1, U. S. Commissioner of Education Earl J. McGrath personally presented to OAS Secretary General Alberto Lleras, for the Columbus Memorial Library, fourteen theses and reports based on field research in the other American republics under Office of Education and State Department travel and maintenance grants in the past few years. This inaugurated a new arrangement under which copies of all such works will be deposited in the Pan American Union's library, thus becoming available to the public along with the extensive collection of books and periodicals.

Most of the fourteen items are M.A. or Ph.D. dissertations done for various U. S. universities; some are reports of technical experts; one is the photographic record of a sculptor's work.

Almost all are in typewritten manuscript form. One printed work is Elen F. Yeats' "Study of the Lanz Duret Prize Novels." The Lanz Duret prize was established in 1941 in memory of the founder of the Mexico City newspaper *El Universal*, and is awarded annually to the best unpublished Mexican novel submitted. Miss Yeats describes the books that won the first seven awards, starting with José María Benítez' *Ciudad* (City, 1941). The prize went to Adriana García Roel's *El Hombre de Barro* (*Man of Clay*) in 1942, and to *El Jagüey de las Ruinas* (*The Tank among the Ruins*) by Sara García Iglesias the following year. Then came Jesús Goygortúa Santos' *Pensativa* (*Pensive*) and in 1945 *Las Islas También Son*

Nuestras (*The Islands Too Are Ours*) by Gustavo Rueda Medina. Gilberto Chávez, Jr., won the next year with *Playa Paraíso* (*Paradise Beach*). In all these cases, the prize fulfilled its primary aim of giving new writers an opportunity. Porrúa published all the books after they appeared serially in *El Universal*. In 1947 the award went for the first time to an established author, Miguel N. Lira, for his *La Escondida* (*The Hidden One*).

The photographs show the works that U. S. sculptor Jason Seeley completed in Haiti, where he taught at the Centre d'Art from 1946 to 1949.

In the field of technical studies, there are F. Bruce Lamb's final report on his investigation of mahogany stands and logging operations in the Caribbean area and Central America, and Barbara Norwood's study of the government's role in the Chilean economy, with special attention to the Chilean Development Corporation.

The theses cover a wide range of subjects. For his doctorate at the University of California Philip B. Taylor, Jr., described the history of the executive power in Uruguay. The University Press published it in 1951. For a New York University master's degree, Seymour Parker wrote on labor relations under the workers' administration of the Mexican national railways. A. F. Faust won his Ph.D. from the University of Utah with his history of the public-school system in Argentina. São Paulo in the days of the Empire is Richard M. Morse's subject (Ph.D., Columbia). Robert E. Scott dealt with Mexican federalism from 1917 to 1948. Thomas R. Ford described agrarian changes over the centuries in *Man and the Land in Peru* for a Vanderbilt University doctorate. Ida K. Langman compiled a bibliography on Mexican plants. Eldred J. Renk traced popular reactions to war, religion, and politics in *The Mexican Corrido and the Revolution* (Ph.D., University of Washington). Theo E. Nicholas told the story of Colombia's Caribbean ports and their connections with the interior from 1820 to 1940. Betty Warren Starr prepared her study of communal relations in the Tuxtla region under the joint auspices of Mexico's Papaloapan Commission and the U. S. Federal Security Agency.

Other items will be received as returned travelers complete their reports.

PLANNING A COMMUNITY STUDY

THE PAU Division of Labor and Social Affairs announces publication of *Estudio de la Comunidad*, a guide to community studies by Caroline F. Ware. This is a revised and enlarged edition, adapted to the varying needs of the Latin American countries, of a work originally prepared with the help of Miss Ware's students and colleagues at the University of Puerto Rico in 1947. It describes the technical methods for studying community organization; lists the questions that should be asked about natural resources, population, local government, planning and housing, health, education, and recreation; and tells how to win public cooperation in community projects.

ESTUDIO DE LA COMUNIDAD, by Caroline F. Ware. Washington, Pan American Union, 1952. 162 p. \$0.50

OAS

FOTO FLASHES



To avoid duplication of effort in their respective agricultural activities in Latin America, the Organization of American States and the Food and Agriculture Organization of the United Nations recently signed an agreement at the Pan American Union. The accord provides for mutual consultation in program planning; exchange of information and documents; representation at each other's meetings; and joint action on certain projects. On hand for the signing were (from left, seated at the table): OAS Council Chairman John C. Dreier of the U.S.A.; Dr. N. E. Dodd, Director General of FAO; OAS Secretary General Dr. Alberto Lleras; OAS Ambassador J. Rafael Oreamuno of Costa Rica; and Mexico's Alfonso Cortina, acting chairman of the OAS Inter-American Economic and Social Council. Standing (from left): OAS Assistant Secretary General William Manger; Gove Hambridge, head of FAO's North American office; and Professor Samuel Work, FAO agricultural officer.

On the tenth anniversary of the founding of the Inter-American Defense Board, General Omar Bradley (standing, center), Chairman of the U.S. Joint Chiefs of Staff, delivered an address to the Board members at their headquarters in Washington. At the table on Bradley's left (sitting) are: IADB Chairman Lieutenant-General Charles Bolte of the U.S.A. and IADB Vice-Chairman Colonel Carlos M. Bobeda of Paraguay.



When the First Lady of Chile, Mrs. Rosa M. de González Videla, paid a visit to United Nations headquarters in New York, she discussed her impressions with Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, now U.S. delegate to the UN Human Rights Commission, in a broadcast to the people back home. The Chilean President's wife came to the United States to receive the "Mother of the World" award for her social work from the American Mothers Committee of New York.



After his recent concert at the Pan American Union, Brazilian violinist Nathan Schwartzman (left) talked it over with radio announcer Bill Cerri of station WASH, which recorded the program for the Continental FM network. Born in Niteroi, state of Rio de Janeiro, just twenty-two years ago, Mr. Schwartzman has studied the violin since the age of nine. Praised by critics everywhere, he is now concertmaster of the Juilliard School of Music Orchestra in New York City. His repertoire includes a wide variety of selections, ranging from Paganini to Heitor Villa-Lobos.

Honoring their national hero, soldier-statesman José Gervasio Artigas, whose statue stands near the Pan American Union grounds at 18th Street and Constitution Avenue in Washington, a group of visiting Uruguayan labor leaders joined PAU labor and social affairs division officials in laying a wreath. Invited by the State Department for a five-month tour of the U.S.A., the visitors have been studying labor-union organization and U.S. Labor Department services. Those at the ceremony included (from left): PAU's Sergio Carvallo; Juan Umpiérrez of the brickmakers' union; Carlos Guillén of the PAU; José Acosta, workers' representative on the Uruguayan Government's social-services committee; Joffre Rizzo of the bakers' union; Aida Soto of the commercial employees' union; PAU's Marta Ecurra; Antonio Jimeno of the brickmakers' union; Oscar Brian of the sugar workers' union; and Beryl Frank of the PAU.



SALVADOREAN TALES

(Continued from page 19)

most mature and versatile living Salvadorean artist. In each of these fields, as I pointed out in my anthology, his work is inspired, original, and full of purpose. As a painter Salarrué has favored native subjects; he has created marvelous murals depicting pre-Hispanic days and the Conquest, as well as paintings of modern El Salvador that show a deep understanding of its people and its natural setting. His drawing is firm and courageous; his colors, warm and tropical.

His characteristics as a painter have a direct bearing on the nature of his stories. *El Señor de la Burbuja* (The Gentleman of the Bubble), *O-Yarkandal*—his own favorite—*Remotando el Ulúa* (Traveling up the Ulúa), are exceptions to this rule. The explanation of these can be found not in his painting but in his oriental philosophy, pervaded by a vague poetic mist. But these were Salarrué's first works. With the appearance of *El Cristo Negro* (The Black Christ), a brief experimental novel, he seemed to become much more sure of himself ethically and esthetically, and his plots began to reflect the precision and intensity that go into a painting.

His two volumes of short stories—*Cuentos de Barro* (Stories of Clay) and *Eso y Más* (That and More)—seem like books by different authors. The first consists entirely of regional tales with a wealth of metaphor, clear delineation of characters, and warm, human solutions. *Eso y Más* contains rather whimsical stories expressing the author's theosophical and esoteric convictions.

Cuentos de Barro, published first in El Salvador and later in Argentina, has undoubtedly been Salarrué's most successful work. The stories are brief, but sparked by a psychological dynamism. For example, take the one entitled *Semos Malos* (We are Wicked, dialect form). A poor man goes into the Honduran jungles with his son, carrying, as a business investment, an old phonograph—the kind with a huge horn. "A monstrous tin flower," Salarrué called it. The reader learns their fate indirectly:

The bandits laughed, like children from a strange planet. Their white trousers were stained with something that looked like mud but was actually blood. In the nearby ravine Goyo and his boy were being carried away piece by piece in the beaks of birds of prey; the armadillos had enlarged their wounds. In a mass of sand, blood, clothes, and silence, the illusions brought from so far became fertilizer, maybe for a willow, maybe for a pine. . . .

The phonograph needle went into action, and a song rose on the warm breeze like an enchanted thing. The coconut trees in the distance stopped swaying and listened. The morning star seemed to grow and then shrink, as if, suspended on a wire, it was being dipped periodically into the tranquil water of the night.

A man with a clear, cool voice was singing a sad song to the accompaniment of a guitar. In melancholy tones he longed for love and greatness. The low notes of the guitar moaned a desire, and the desperate-sounding high ones lamented an injustice.

When the phonograph stopped the four assassins looked at each other and sighed. . . .

One of them threw himself, weeping, on the blanket. Another bit his lips. The oldest, sitting on his shadow, stared at the muddy ground and said after some hard

thought: "We are wicked. . . ."

And the thieves of things and lives wept, like children from a strange planet.

Isn't this masterly ending a whole creed of redemption through art? Isn't it a crystal-clear expression of lofty convictions?

At present Salarrué is living in New York, and serving as cultural attaché of El Salvador's embassy in the United States.

Other Salvadorean short-story writers who should be mentioned are Ramón González Montalvo and Napoleón Rodríguez Ruiz (see November 1951 issue of *AMERICAS* for a review of Rodríguez' novel *Jaraguá*). Both echo to some extent Ambrogio's emphasis on description. González Montalvo's two books, *Barbasco* and the novel *Las Tina-*



Salarrué, El Salvador's outstanding writer of short stories

jas (The Earthen Jars), are as yet unpublished, but the University of El Salvador is now planning to bring out an edition of the latter. Thirty-seven-year-old Rolando Velásquez published a book of short stories entitled *Memorias de un Viaje sin Sentido* (Memories of a Senseless Journey); his tales are in various moods, but the predominating tone is one of delicate and bitter humor. For one of his stories, *La Segunda Hija de Job* (Job's Second Daughter), he won first prize in a literary contest held in Santa Ana in 1943. Poet and journalist Manuel Aguilar Chávez has contributed some well-written stories to various newspapers. Others whose stories have not yet been collected into a volume are Francisco Rodríguez Infante, Víctor Daniel Rubio (at present a deputy in the National Assembly), Ricardo Martel Caminos—a man of profound social consciousness—and Ruth Cevallos Olivares, the only Salvadorean woman in this field. Much can be expected of these young writers in the future.

This panoramic view is far from complete. But I have tried to indicate the most significant works of Salvadorean short-story writers. Unfortunately, space limitations do not permit inclusion of even one full story by Salarrué, Rivas Bonilla, Herrera Velado, or Rolando Velásquez. But at least the reader knows where to look if he is interested in pursuing the subject further.

ALICIA ALONSO

(Continued from page 8)

interpretations. . . . [Alonso] is incomparable, . . . the reigning Giselle of the present day."

"It is my favorite role now," Alicia adds, "I suppose because I learned it under such impossible conditions."

There is no doubt that the peculiar nature of her illness was largely responsible for the prodigious memory that has made the Cuban ballerina renowned in the theater. She learned the complicated part of Lizzie Borden, the murderess of *Fall River Legend*, in less than a week, something the experts declared was impossible. Again, when Nora Kaye, with no understudy in *Lilac Garden*, came down with virus pneumonia three hours before curtain time at the opening of the Ballet Theater's 1943 season at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, Alicia demonstrated her recollective skill by stepping in and saving the show. As Agnes de Mille has testified, Unga had performed the role in question only twice, and that six years previously. Nevertheless, after being alerted, she used her supper hour to refresh her memory under some vigorous coaching, opened the bill with a Balanchine piece of her own, went back upstairs to the rehearsal hall during the following number, and then, four hours after the first frantic phone call asking her to help out, performed Miss Kaye's part—an intricate role lasting twenty minutes—without a single mistake. "Bear in mind," writes Miss de Mille, "there was no score for her to study. This prodigy of memory is in a class with the Toscanini legend; but he has all his needed scores on his library shelves."

When the year of agony had passed, Alonso's troubles were not yet at an end. Not only did she have to use her eyes carefully, but she also had to learn to walk all over again. Fearing that she might jar her retina loose, the doctor absolutely forbade her to practice dancing. More time passed. "But I had been good long enough," Alicia maintains. She began to deceive Fernando and her mother. Pretending to take walks with the Martinez' Great Dane, she would visit a ballet studio two blocks from her home. There she practiced every day. "I don't know how long that would have gone on," she reflects, "if it hadn't been for an accident. It must have been Fate, or an act of God, I don't know which."

The accident was as dramatic as the game by which Alicia had discovered she was going blind. One day a hurricane boiled up from the Caribbean and howled down on Havana, uprooting palm trees and dashing mountainous waves over the Malecón. Out in the Vedado, Unga heard the big wind coming and ran to the patio to get the Great Dane, which had just had puppies. A strong gust blew the glass out of the door through which she had just come and the splinters hit her on the back of the head. She fell on top of the dogs. Hearing her scream, Fernando rushed out to find her lying bleeding on the pavement. An examination by the doctor revealed that the blow had done her retina no harm. "You can dance again, Alicia," he told her.

By cable she notified the Ballet Theater she was ready to return. And back she went as a soloist, leaving Laura



In Schumann Concerto Alonso gives classic performance of grace and poise



As Giselle, with Igor Youskevitch, Alicia is without peer in contemporary ballet



Above: her treatment of Lizzie Borden role in *Fall River Legend* is renowned in modern dance



Right: Alicia gets laughs as comedienne in *La Fille Mal Gardée*

in school in Havana and Fernando, who was tied up with Cuban dancing contracts. That's the way it's been ever since 1943. Today, between engagements, Unga commutes back and forth to her family and her native island. She arrived in New York with her head still bandaged from the broken glass, and her eye trouble continued to interfere with her dancing for a while. Remembering the doctor's warning to keep her head erect, her gaze straight forward, she tried to compensate in her shoulders or chin when the choreography demanded a lowered attitude, and the tension was noticeable. But through will and discipline, she conquered the fault and soon she received her chance to dance *Giselle* when Alicia Markova, at the time prima ballerina of the company, became ill. "When they asked me if I could do it," Unga says, "I told them 'of course.' For a moment I really thought I had danced *Giselle* on the stage. I knew it so well. No one reminded me that the only way I had danced it was with my fingers when I was sick."

But she danced it that night. She calls it her "debut from the world of the handicapped." It was a big success. "It would be silly to say that I wasn't thrilled," she laughs. "I don't think there is anything in the world like the thrill you get when the audience cheers and shouts for you." Of this first performance of the role that has brought her fame, the *New York Times* critic John Martin had the following to say: "... [It was] completely convincing ... a beautiful piece of work."

Technically speaking, Alonso is noted for her perfect line (that is, the outline presented by the dancer while executing steps and assuming poses); her elevation (the ability to attain height in jumping), a good deal of which depends on proper breathing and good *plié* (bending of the knees while the feet are on the ground, with which almost every step begins and ends); and her excellent *grand jeté* (a big forward leap executed by raising one leg high and pushing off the ground with the supporting leg). Actually, however, what makes her great is her ability to fuse the dance and the drama. For instance, in much the same way an actress on stage maps out her movements so that she can do them without thinking, Unga insists on complete familiarity with the basic steps necessary for a given part. Then, coupling this with a remarkable mobility of facial expression, she can forget about line and bear down on the variations of those steps that give her role character. "You can say a dancer does an *arabesque* [in which the leg is raised high in back]," she explains, "and that literally means nothing. If, for example, the character is an unhappy, inhibited woman, the movement has to be restrained and tight. It cannot be open." What she aims for is perhaps best demonstrated by her mad scene in *Giselle*. As the peasant girl who discovers she cannot marry her noble lover, she leads the audience, not in one fell swoop but gradually, from disillusion through disbelief, anguish, despair, a moment of self-steeling, to ultimate insanity. As a noted critic has said, "She is never the ballerina with a great role to play. She loses herself in [the characterization] itself."

With such familiarity with what it takes to be a success in her field, Unga was not long in rising to new heights after her initial triumph in *Giselle*. At first, some experts believed her lack of a Russian name was a drawback, but, unlike Markova, born Alice Marks in England, Alonso kept her own name and made the public like it. Her schedule—from October through May—is mostly a series of one-night stands in U.S. cities from coast to coast with a fall appearance at the Metropolitan Opera House. Summers, she tours Europe or South America. In London in 1946, at Covent Garden, she competed with English and French Giselles dancing in other theaters the same evening, and won top honors from the British press. During the season, she appears in one or two ballets eight times a week. "We work all the time with sprains bandaged up, and we're always afraid of tearing a ligament or breaking a bone." Once when Unga played a Halloween game with her troupe, she had to pay a forfeit of kissing her toe, whereupon she threw her knee out of joint (and the treasurer of the Ballet Theater into hysterics). Sometimes in a single performance she loses as much as two pounds, which she must regain before the next, a difficult feat for anyone on the go as much as she is. Most of her life is a series of theater dressing rooms, living out of trunks, after-show suppers, and catching trains late at night. Occasionally the company and the property man fail to coordinate, with the result that one night in Buenos Aires, after coming in from Chile, Alicia was obliged to perform in multi. It must have caused a sensation; she received forty-seven curtain calls.

"To dance," she says, "you have to like it very much. It's mostly just work. As with everything else in life, you just have to be born to it. That's why I'm proud I was born a ballerina." Besides *Giselle*, her repertoire includes *Swan Lake*, in which *The New York Herald Tribune* describes her as "one of the few great swan queens of our time"; *Theme and Variations*, which she calls "the most difficult ballet I have done. It has no story. . . . You must be elegant and precise"; and *Undertow*, in which she displays her famous versatility in the role of Ate, the sluttish denizen of some Scandinavian city, in a tale of seduction and temptation far removed from the classic purity of most of her characterizations. In *Bluebeard*, Unga, as one of the misogynist's last and most reluctant wives, recaptures the original shrewish flavor of the character, which other contemporaries tend to make sweet and conventional. And *Sleeping Beauty*, also called *Princess Aurora*, is a vehicle in which she can show to best advantage her perfect line and classic demeanor as she performs the incredibly complicated and exhausting movements demanded by the choreography. When her roles require a partner, she invariably appears with Moscow-born Igor Youskevitch, called "the greatest living male dancer" and reputedly "the finest dancer since Nijinsky." According to critics, they are "certainly the classical team par excellence in contemporary dance."

On the all too few occasions when she has enough time off to fly home to Fernando and Laura, Alonso con-

tinues to dance even though she is ostensibly on vacation. This is largely due to the fact that in 1948, when it appeared that the Ballet Theater might be obliged to suspend its activities, she formed the *Academia Nacional de Ballet Alicia Alonso* in Havana to give jobs to her colleagues. Beginning entirely without capital, with only the spirit and good will of her fellows to build upon, the enterprise soon blossomed into success. A friend immediately offered to book a tour; Alicia's old school, the *Sociedad Pro Arte Musical*, lent its scenery and costumes. And transportation was bought with money from the advance sale of seats for the Havana engagement. With Fernando as president of the organization, and her brother, Alberto, as artistic director, it eventually won a partial subsidy from the Cuban Ministry of Education, and is now one of the leading Latin American schools of the dance, training pupils and presenting frequent



In Theme and Variations with Igor Youskevitch, Alonso is elegant and precise. She thinks it's the most difficult ballet of all

programs to the public. Today, the entire Ballet Theater company look upon it as a sort of haven should ever their fortunes take a turn for the worse. Many of the dancers commute regularly from New York to Havana between engagements.

At home in Cuba, where a grateful government has awarded her its highest civilian citation, the Carlos Manuel de Céspedes medal, Unga relaxes with painting landscapes, swimming, and sewing on her costumes. She collects American Indian pottery, arrowheads, plates, musical instruments, and ballerina crowns. If she has a performance, she sleeps until noon or one o'clock, and has lunch in bed and a nap before her dinner at five-

thirty or six. When her work is finished, she has something to eat again, then goes home to bed, where she reads until she falls asleep. Sometimes it's three or four o'clock in the morning. She never drinks, except perhaps a single vermouth, and doesn't smoke. She has a steak not less than once each day, preferring the thickest and most expensive cuts ("It costs money to maintain my weight"), and salad, fruit, vegetables, and milk. In addition to liking to listen to her Beethoven records, she looks at home movies of herself in action taken by Fernando. A perfectionist, she has the ballet forever with her. "The life of an artist is very hard," she explains. "You should follow only one form and live with it always. A person can be at his best in only one particular field." Unga says that when she sees herself on the screen, "I go crazy. Everything is wrong. My feet are bad. My head is not in line with my body. I run to the rehearsal hall right away." Although she would like to see daughter Laura become a dancer, she is not convinced that this is possible. "She seems to prefer painting," Alicia laments, "but then I want her to discover for herself what she would like to do best."

Not given to deep moods, Unga nevertheless has an opinion on some abstract subjects; for example, the male sex. "They speak a different language," she says, "but they are alike all over the world. They feel pain and life and love." Occasionally she takes it into her head to arrive late for appointments, a practice that earned her a number two nickname, "Mañana," something she appreciates because she has not overlooked the fact that the day will come when she will be unable to dance. "It seems unfair," she comments. "When a ballet dancer is in her forties, she dances with most feeling. She is fully mature. But then the technique is too great a strain for her. People notice she does not raise her leg quite high enough in her attitude. They say, 'Too bad. She has a fine quality, but she is finished.'"

But Alonso has no need to worry for many years. Not yet has her fabulous skill reached its peak. Considering her as the heiress-apparent to the throne of Alicia Markova, it is important to note that the critics have remarked that Markova was somewhat farther along in her career when she achieved the reputation for *Giselle* that Alonso already enjoys. If this is significant, Latin America has the very good chance, within the next few years, of being able to say it has produced the greatest ballerina of our time.

Answers to quiz on page 47

1. Jangadas
2. Miguel Covarrubias
3. Tegucigalpa, Honduras
4. Costa Rica
5. Brazil, Uruguay, Paraguay
6. Spanish colonial
7. Buenos Aires
8. Venezuela
9. Is a humble laborer
10. Arkansas

ANIMALS' ISLAND (Continued from page 16)

Many of the coves are dotted with trunks and branches of dead trees, drowned in the rising waters when Gatun Lake was formed. But now they have taken on new life, for they are covered with mosses, brilliantly colored orchids, and clusters of other flowers. A few decayed trunks make excellent woodpecker apartments, while on other leafless trees flocks of cormorants sit and dream.

The backwaters of the coves are low and green with algae. Here water hyacinths bloom in profusion amid duckweed and tiny water ferns. Large gray-faced bullfrogs lie supine among the algae and ferns, with only their stubby noses stuck out of the water.

Back at the base, the explorers are served that excellent meal. Dr. Zetek, at the head of the huge table where so many famous scientists have dined, is bombarded with questions about the experiments. The visitors learn, for example, of the work of Dr. Per F. Scholander and Dr. Vladimir Walters of the Arctic Research Laboratory at Point Barrow, Alaska. In 1949, using a freezer at Barro Colorado, they studied the metabolic reactions to temperature of various tropical mammals and birds, in order to compare them with Arctic forms in Alaska and thus formulate a theory on the relation between insulation and metabolism. Of interest to zoo fans are the 1950 findings of Ken Scott, Jr., curator of the Zoological Society of San Diego, California, who came to the island to gather information on the habitat of certain animals in order to improve exhibit and maintenance conditions at the San Diego zoo. Dr. Cleveland Soper, director of the Tropical Research Laboratory of Eastman Kodak Company, was continuing exposure tests to determine means of preventing deterioration of processed photographic materials in tropical climates. Corrosion of lenses by tropical fungi is another subject of his study.

Barro Colorado has also proved a boon to U.S. Army researchers. During World War II the military conducted experiments on the health and efficiency of soldiers under tropical campaign conditions, on the deterioration and adequacy of ordnance and combat equipment, and on various secret projects. Today army balloons soar into the stratosphere from the laboratory, carrying sensitive instruments attached to radio broadcasting sets, in a study of the tropical cosmic ray, whose energy potential is believed to be far greater than that of atomic fission.

Another wartime project was carried out by Dr. Arthur Allen and Dr. Paul Kellogg of Cornell University, who made a series of phonograph recordings of jungle sounds to use in training U.S. troops assigned to duty in the tropics.

Dr. Zetek's specialty is termite control. Since there are sixty-two species, there are almost as many types of experiments, for a chemical poisonous to one termite may not daunt another. Countless experiments have proved that chemically treated wood used in construction will not necessarily shield the furnishings within the building. For subterranean termites build shelter tubes

over treated wood to reach untreated material. Insulation of underground wires and cables is also being tested, for termites have eaten through lead sheathing as well as glass wool. Though no wood is known to be entirely immune to attacks, some tropical woods, such as guayacan and matasarno, are highly termite-resistant. Dr. Zetek explains that it is now possible to build in the tropics with untreated timbers and, with a minimum of vigilance, avoid the ravages of these pests.

"Only the uninformed," he says, "would ever question the value of the research on Barro Colorado. The studies of the sloth, for instance, have saved people's lives by contributing to research on adrenal deficiencies and brain surgery. The study of the sixty-five species of fruit flies in this area—which are related to the Mediterranean fruit fly that has been so destructive in Hawaii and elsewhere—has been of very practical value. Preventive and control measures learned here have saved millions of dollars in American fruit crops, especially in the southern United States. As for the scientists who are teachers, it is reasonable to believe that they return to their classes after research on Barro Colorado as better teachers, for they have seen, heard, tasted, and felt the tropics. It is absolutely futile to try to 'rate' research work; it cannot be measured because it never ends."

Late in the afternoon the island's most popular animals, the coatimundi, gather outside the dining room to beg a handout. Of all tropical animals, the coatimundi are the most easily tamed. The local name, *gato solo*, is Spanish for "lone cat," but they are closer to the raccoon. Only the adult male travels solo—after Mrs. Gato Solo has indicated that she is more interested in being a good mother than a wife. The misunderstood husband then sets out to find a lady who really understands him, while the rest of the family forage through the timbered country supporting themselves. They team up with three to five other independent families until a gang may number anywhere from six to sixty. The coatimundi are curious and friendly by nature. When anyone moves to a house in any town on the isthmus near a jungled hill, the coatimundi wander into the backyard to get acquainted before the curtains are up and the rugs down. Appropriately, the *gato solo* adorns the ten-cent stamp issued in April 1948 to commemorate the twenty-fifth anniversary of Barro Colorado as a biological preserve.

One short day is not enough to take in all the wonders the island holds, and all too soon the launch warms up for the return trip across the lake. As twilight approaches, big owls with serious, solemn faces and a dignity of manner in keeping with their voices drone out a farewell to the visitors and a welcome to the night.

Many of the animals found here are plentiful in the Panama countryside—the puma, tapir, jaguar, anteater, deer, armadillo, sloth, monkey, crocodile, and so on. But the animal life of Panama is retreating farther and farther into the shade of the forest, out of range of bulldozer and plow, locomotive whistle and automobile horn. For this very reason Barro Colorado grows more useful and unique with each passing day.

GOURDFUL OF CHEER

(Continued from page 12)

handed down from one generation to the next.

The gaucho even has a special set of utensils for his mate. First, the tea-kettle for boiling the water, for *chimarrão* is generally drunk hot, at an average temperature of 176 degrees. (Paraguayans also drink cold mate, which they call *tereré*.) Other accoutrements are the *cuia* or *mate* (gourd) and the *bomba* or *bombilla* (a kind of drinking straw). The *cuia* is the ripe, dried fruit of the bottle gourd, cleaned of its seeds and with an opening on top. The worldly wealth of the gaucho is often apparent from his gourd: it may be a simple type, with the decorations merely burned in, or, if the owner is well-heeled, a splendid tooled gourd ornamented with gold and silver, highly prized for its artistry.

The gaucho puts the herb in the gourd, pours the water over it. He drinks the steeped mixture through a metal straw ten or twelve inches long and about one-fifth inch in diameter, bulb-shaped at the lower end and perforated to strain the liquid.



Many a yarn is swapped as gauchos gather around the fire and pass the mate gourd from hand to hand

Just as the peace pipe of the U.S. Indian is always smoked in a group, so mate is passed around from hand to hand, serving the same noble function of sealing friendships. The empty gourd is then returned to the "filler," who replenishes it with hot water and gives it to the person on his right. When the herb is diluted from too many refills, new leaves are added and the mate starts another round, everyone, of course, using the same straw. An unsanitary habit, you might say, but the gaucho sees nothing wrong with "kissing" the straw that was kissed only a few moments before by a stranger. This doesn't necessarily mean he will drink water from the same glass used by a friend.

The bitter taste of *chimarrão* fits well the virile character of the pampa dweller. The very word *chimarrão* (from the Spanish *cimarrón*) means "wild, unruly, brutish." Because it was difficult to obtain sugar in colonial times, mate was unsweetened. Even later, when

communications opened trade with sugar-producing regions, the drink customarily remained bitter and *cimarrón*. Only women and children drank sweet mate, using sugar, honey, cinnamon, or wild fruit juice.

As with the fan in colonial society, there was a time when mate spoke its own picturesque love language, apparently playing a leading role in the innocent flirtations of those days. When a handsome cowboy came by, the herb was a subtle and faithful messenger for the girls, who could serve mate with honey to indicate "I want to marry you"; mate with cinnamon for "I think only of you"; mate with orange peel for "Come and get me"; bitter mate for "You're too late—I have another love"; or insipid, tasteless mate to suggest "Go drink your tea elsewhere." Mate with burnt sugar signified fondness, and cold mate indicated contempt.

Quite apart from its influence on South American customs, industry, and art, mate has left its imprint on European immigrants—especially in Brazil's Rio Grande do Sul State. If the newcomers are depressed at first contact with their adopted country, homesick or fearful of how they will be received, such feelings evaporate in the face of gaucho hospitality. For the generosity of the man of the pampa comes out in the friendly gesture of the old cowboy offering his gourd to the stranger. The immigrant sips cautiously, and immediately feels warm and stimulated. In this simple act, he discovers a fraternal message restoring his faith in his new home.

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KNOW YOUR NEIGHBORS?

Answers on page 44



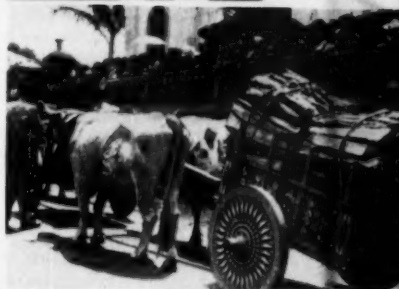
1. Small sailing rafts found along the northeastern Brazilian coast are known as *sampans*, *alpargatas*, *jangadas*, or *petates*?

2. Famed Mexican painter noted for his anthropological maps, magazine illustrations, and interpretations of Tehuantepec and Bali is Pablo Picasso, Miguel Covarrubias, Wifredo Lam, or Diego Rivera?



3. Presidential palace in _____, the only Central American capital not reached by railroad. Fill in the blank.

4. Gaily painted oxcart is entry in annual oxcart competition, traditionally held in Nicaragua, Costa Rica, El Salvador, or Guatemala?



5. Peruvian section of the Andes, the vast range that touches all but three of the ten South American countries (not counting the Guianas). What are the three?

6. Bay window (called a *camarin* in Spanish) in Bogotá, Colombia, is typical of Maya, Spanish colonial, Chibcha, or Inca architecture?



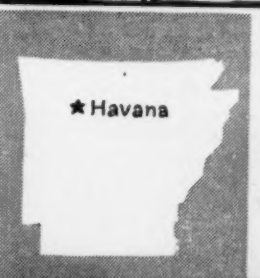
7. Street scene in largest city in Latin America. Is it Mexico City, Montevideo, Rio de Janeiro, or Buenos Aires?

8. Capitol building in country where novelist W. H. Hudson set the scene for his immortal *Green Mansions*. Is it Haiti, Bolivia, Venezuela, or Paraguay?



9. This Chilean is a *roto*. Does this mean he photographs well, is a humble laborer, tramples grapes to make wine, or belongs to a liberal political organization?

10. Like Cuba's capital, a U.S. town in this south-central state, known for its cotton and hill-billies, is named Havana. Can you identify the state from its silhouette?



LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

NEW LOOMS

Dear Sirs:

We have read with pleasure your article entitled "New Looms" in your May issue. It is our hope that it will be widely read throughout the Hemisphere, for this story exemplifies how much can be done when people have the tools with which to work, and, above all, the will to work together. The author of your article, Sr. Aníbal Buitrón, has been a prime mover in this work at Otavalo. Without his aid, or that of President Galo Plaza and others, the motion picture which we are currently finishing for the Department of State would have been infinitely less easy to produce.

The article mentions that the metal parts for the only new-model loom so far built in Ecuador were contributed by our director and photographer, Messrs. Alexander and Linko. This they did not only because they fell in love with the Valley and its people, but also because they shared the faith of Sr. Buitrón and many other forward-looking Ecuadorians in the future of such projects as that at Otavalo. It is the hope of all of us at Trident Films that others will follow their example.

We look forward eagerly to hearing the reaction of your organization and of your readers to the film, when it is released, and hope it will do its share in promoting further work of this sort. The illustrations for the article, which were taken from the film, are what I hope will be a tempting preview.

Guy K. Benson, Vice President
Trident Films, Inc.
New York, N.Y.

BIRDS ON THE WING

Dear Sirs:

In connection with the article "*Aves de Paso*" in the March Spanish AMERICAS ("Birds on the Wing," book review of *Mexican Birds*, in English February issue), I would like to point out that the bird called an *alcaraván* in the caption under one of the illustrations is actually a different species, technically *Eurypyga helias*, commonly called *ave sol*, *pavita del sol*, or *soliluna* in Colombia; *paira de tierra* in Panama; *tigana* in Venezuela; *caurale* in French Guiana, and *pavãozinho do Pará* in Brazil. The true *alcaraván* ("thick knee" to English-speaking ornithologists), is a very different bird of the genus *Burhinus*.

Speaking of birds, it should interest your readers to know that ornithological studies recently carried out in Colombia show that this country, with only about one eighth the area of Brazil, has more species and subspecies of birds than our big neighbor. Colombia ranks today as the world's richest country in bird population. To date, 2,558 ornithological varieties have been reported in its territory. These belong to 1,532 species representing 670 genera and 84 different families, and amount to 17.8 per cent of all bird species in the world or 36.2 per cent of all those that are found in the Western Hemisphere. In an area of only 439,400 square miles, Colombia has more than twice as many bird species as North America exclusive of Mexico but including Alaska and Greenland—an area of about 7,800,000 square miles.

Prof. A. Dugand, Director
Institute of Natural Sciences
Bogotá, Colombia

The book *Mexican Birds* identified our leathered friend only by its scientific name and the English common name, "sun bittern," by which it was labeled in our English edition. Our translator could not find a Spanish common name to match either *Eurypyga helias* or "sun bittern" in any of our dictionaries, so he took the Appleton dictionary's equivalent for plain "bittern," which was *alcaraván*. But then, plain "bittern" is not a "thick knee" either. Our thanks to Professor Dugand for identifying the species and for his information on Colombia's birds.

HOW TO BUILD A ROAD

Dear Sirs:

Because road-building is essential to any country's economic development, I believe your readers will be interested in a Point

Four training school we have been conducting in La Paz, Bolivia. Interest in the school, which trains operators of heavy equipment for highway development, ran so high in La Paz that every day some forty or fifty Bolivians other than those enrolled in the course showed up for training on the highways near the capital where the demonstrations took place (see cut). Instead of pro-



fessional instructors, mechanics of private companies selling road-building machinery and officials of the Bolivian army's engineering corps conducted the course—the very men some of the students had seen building roads down there. As a new teaching technique, it proved very effective.

The International Road Federation, under a contract with the U.S. State Department's Technical Cooperation Administration, conducted the school, which was carried out as a model for similar projects in Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, the Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Haiti, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, El Salvador, and Uruguay in this Hemisphere and in Egypt, Iraq, Jordan, Lebanon, Syria, India, Nepal, and Pakistan in the Near and Far East. The original plans called for two or three courses in each country each year until a large group of operators have been trained, but the attendance at the first school in Bolivia was so excellent that we have decided to continue the courses indefinitely—as long as interest keeps up.

R. B. Ross
Technical Cooperation Administration
Department of State
Washington, D.C.

MAIL BAG

The following correspondents, in search of pen pals throughout the Hemisphere, have asked AMERICAS to publish their names and addresses. Correspondence may be in English, Spanish, Portuguese, or French, unless the language is indicated by an initial after the name.

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